Syn.8.66.45

THE TEMPLE.

SACRED POEMS, And private EJACULATIONS.

BY

Mr. *George Herbert*,

late ORATOUR of the University of *CAMBRIDGE*.

The Eighth Edition, with an Alphabeticall Table for ready finding out chief places.

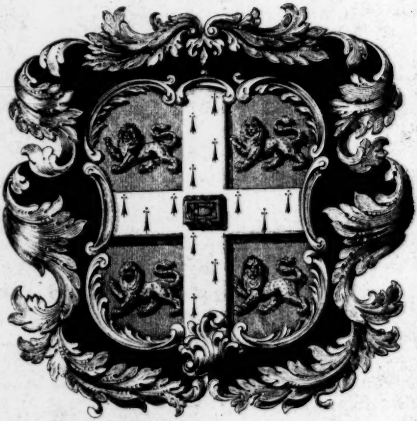
PSAL. 29.

In his Temple doth every man speak of his honour.

LONDON,

Printed by *R. N.* for *Philemon Stephens*, at the Gilded Lyon in S. *Pauls Church-yard*

1660.



Academiæ Cantabrigiensis
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The Printer to the Reader.

THe Dedication of this Work having been made by the Author to the Divine Majesty onely, how should We now presume to interest any mortal man in the patronage of it? Much less think we it meet to seek the recommendation of the Muses, for that which himself was confident to have been inspired by a diviner breath than flows from Helicon. The world therefore shall receive it in that naked simplicity, with which he left it, without any addition either of support or ornament, more than is included in it selfe. We leave it free and unforestalled to every mans judgment, and to the benefit that he shall finde by perusal. Onely for the clearing of some passages, we have thought it not unfit to make the common Reader privy to some few particularities of the condition and disposition of the Person.

Being nobly born, and as eminently endued with gifts of the minde, and having by industry and happy education perfected them to that great height of excellency, whereof his

Fellowship of Trinity *Colledge in* Cambridge, *and his Oratourship in the University, together with that knowledge which the King Court had taken of him, could make relation far above ordinary. Quitting both his desert and all the opportunities that he had for worldly preferment, he betook himself to the Sanctuary and Temple of God, chusing rather t serve at Gods Altar, than to seek the honour of State-imployments. As for those inward enforcements to this course (for outward there was none) which many of these ensuing Verses bear witnesse of, they detract no from the freedome, but add to the honour o this resolution in him. As God had enable him, so he accounted him meet not onely to b called, but to be compelled to this service Wherein his faithfull discharge was such, a may make him justly a companion to the primitive Saints, and a Patern or more for the Age h lived in.*

To testifie his independency upon all other and to quicken his diligence in this kinde, h used in his ordinary speech, when he mad mention of the blessed Name of our Lor and Saviour Jesus Christ, *to add,* My Master.

Next God, he loved that which God himself hath magnified above all things, that is

h

his Word: so as he hath been heard to make solemn protestation, that he would not part with one leaf thereof for the whole world, if it were offered him in exchange.

His obedience and conformity to the Church and the Discipline thereof, was singularly remarkable: Though he abounded in private Devotions, yet went he every Morning and Evening with his Family to the Church; and by his example, exhortations, and encouragements drew the greater part of his Parishioners to accompany him daily in the publick celebration of Divine Service.

As for worldly matters, his love and esteem to them was so little, as no man can more ambitiously seek, than he did earnestly endeavour the resignation of an Ecclesiastical Dignity, which he was possessour of. But God permitted not the accomplishment of this desire, having ordained him his instrument for re-edifying of the Church belonging thereunto, that had layen ruinated almost twenty years. The reparation whereof, having been uneffectually attempted by publick Collections, was in the end by his own and some few others private free-will-offerings successfully effected. With the remembrance whereof, as of an especial good work, when a Friend went about to comfort him on his death-bed, he

made answer, It is a good work, if it be sprinkled with the bloud of CHRIST: *Otherwise than in this respect he could finde nothing to glory or comfort himself with, neither in this nor in any other thing.*

And these are but a few of many that might be said, which We have chosen to premise as a glance to some parts of the ensuing Book, and for an example to the Reader.

We conclude all With his own Motto, with which he used to conclude all things that might seem to tend any Way to his own honour;

Less than the least of Gods mercies.

¶ The

¶ The Dedication.

LOrd, my first fruits present themselves to thee;
Yet not mine neither: for from thee they came,
And must return. Accept of them and me,
And make us strive, who shall sing best thy Name.
Turn their eyes hither, who shall make a gain:
Theirs, who shall hurt themselves or me, refrain.

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THE CHURCH-PORCH.

Perirrhanterium.

THou, whose sweet youth and early hopes inhance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure;
Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure.
A Verse may find him, who a Sermon flies,
And turn delight into a Sacrifice.

Beware of lust, it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in Baptisme washt with his own blood.
It blots the lesson written in thy Soul;
The holy lines cannot be understood.
How dare those eyes upon a Bible look, * book?
Much less towards God, whose lust is all their

Wholly abstain, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
Allows thee choice of paths: take no by-wayes;
But gladly welcome what he doth afford;
Not grudging that thy lust hath bounds and staies.
Continence hath his joy: weigh both, and so
If rottenness have more, let Heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
Man would have been th' incloser: but since now
God hath impal'd us, on the contrary
Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plough.
O what were man, might he himself misplace?
Sure to be cross, he would shift feet and face.

Drink not the third glaſs, which thou canſt not tan
When once it is within thee; but before
Mayſt rule it, as thou liſt: and poure the ſhame,
Which it would poure on thee, upon the floor.
It is moſt juſt to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there, If I keep the roum

He that is drunken, may his Mother kill
Big with his Sister: he hath loſt the reins,
Is outlaw'd by himſelf: all kind of ill
Did with his liquor ſlide into his veins.
The Drunkard forfeits Man, and doth deveſt
All worldly right, ſave what he hath by beaſt.

Shall I, to pleaſe anothers wine-ſprung mind,
Loſe all mine own? God hath giv'n me a meaſure
Short of his canne and body: muſt I find
A pain in that, wherein he finds a pleaſure?
Stay at the third glaſs: if thou loſe thy hold,
Then thou art modeſt, and the Wine grows bold.

If reaſon move not Gallants, quit the room,
(All in a ſhipwrack ſhift their ſeveral way)
Let not a common ruine thee intomb:
Be not a beaſt in curteſie; but ſtay,
Stay at the third cup, or forgo the place.
Wine above all things doth Gods ſtamp deface.

Yet, if thou ſin in Wine or wantonneſs,
Boaſt not thereof, nor make thy ſhame thy glory.
Frailty gets pardon by ſubmiſſiveneſs;
But he that boaſts, ſhuts that out of his ſtory:
He makes flat war with God, and doth defie
With his poor clod of earth the ſpacious ſky.

Ta

Take not his name, who made thy mouth, in vain:
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuſe.
Luſt, and Wine plead a pleaſure, avarice gain;
But the cheap Swearer through his open ſluce
Lets his Soul run for nought, as little fearing.
Were I an *Epicure*, I could bate ſwearing.

When thou doſt tell anothers jeſt, therein
Omit the Oathes, which true wit cannot need:
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the ſin.
He pares his Apple that would cleanly feed.
Play not away the vertue of that name,
Which is thy beſt ſtake, when griefs make thee tame.

The cheapeſt ſins moſt dearly puniſht are;
Becauſe to ſhun them alſo is ſo cheap:
For we have wit to mark them, and to ſpare.
O crumble not away thy ſouls fair heap.
If thou wilt die, the gates of Hell are broad:
Pride and full ſins have made the way a road.

Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both:
Cowards tell lies, and thoſe that fear the rod;
The ſtormy working ſoul ſpits lies and froth.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie:
A fault, which needs it moſt, grows two thereby.

Fly idleneſs, which yet thou canſt not fly
By dreſſing, miſtreſſing, and complement.
If thoſe take up thy day, the Sun will cry
Againſt thee: for his light was only lent.
God gave thy ſoul brave wings; put not thoſe feathers
Into a bed, to ſleep out all ill weathers.

Art thou a Magiſtrate? Then be ſevere:
If ſtudious, copy fair what time hath blurr'd;
Redeem truth from his jawes: if Souldier,
Chaſe brave imployments with a naked Sword
Throughout the world. Fool not: for all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

O *England* full of ſin, but moſt of ſloth!
Spit out thy phlegme, and fill thy breaſt with glo
Thy gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth
Transfus'd a ſheepiſhneſs into thy ſtory:
Not that they all are ſo; but that the moſt
Are gone to graſs, and in the paſture loſt.

This loſs ſprings chiefly from our education.
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their fo
Some mark a Partridge, never their childs faſhion:
Some ſhip them over, and the thing is done.
Study this art, make it thy great deſign;
And if Gods Image move thee not, let thine.

Some great eſtates provide, but do not breed
A maſt'ring mind; ſo both are loſt thereby:
Or elſe they breed them tender, make them need
All that they leave: this is flat poverty.
For he that needs five hundred pounds to live,
Is full as poor as he that needs but five.

The way to make thy Son rich, is to fill
His mind with reſt, before his Trunk with riches:
For wealth without contentment, climbes a hill
To feel thoſe tempeſts which flie over ditches.
But if thy ſon can make ten pounds his meaſure,
Then all thou addeſt may be call'd his treaſure.

Wh

When thou doſt purpoſe ought within thy power,
Be ſure to do it, though it be but ſmall.
Conſtancy knits the bones, and makes us ſtowre,
When wanton pleaſures becken us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himſelf:
What Nature makes a Ship, he makes a Shelf.

Do all things like a man, not ſneakingly:
Think the king ſees thee ſtill; for his King does.
Simpring is but a lay hypocriſie:
Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.
Who fears to do ill, ſets himſelf to task:
Who fears to do well, ſure ſhould were a mask.

Look to thy mouth: diſeaſes enter there.
Thou haſt two ſconſes, if thy ſtomach call;
Carve, or diſcourſe; do not a famine fear.
Who carves, is kind to two; who talks to all.
Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit.
And ſay withal, *Earth to earth I commit.*

Slight thoſe who ſay amidſt their ſickly healths,
Thou liv'ſt by rule. What doth not ſo but man?
Houſes are built by rule, and Common wealths.
Entice the truſty Sun, if that you can,
From his Ecliptick line; becken the ſkie.
Who lives by rule then, keeps good company.

Who keeps no guard upon himſelf, is ſlack,
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
Man is a ſhop of rules, a well truſs'd pack,
Whoſe every parcel under-writes a law.
Loſe not thy ſelf, nor give thy humours way:
God gave them to thee under lock and key.

By all means uſe ſometimes to be alone.
Salute thy ſelf: ſee what thy ſoul doth wear:
Dare to look in thy Cheſt; for 'tis thine own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'ſt there.
Who cannot reſt till he good fellows find,
He breaks up houſe, turns out of doors his mind.

Be thrifty, but not covetous: therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was ſcraper brave man. Get to live;
Then live, and uſe it: elſe, it is not true
That thou haſt gotten. Surely uſe alone
Makes money not a contemptible ſtone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Ev'n with the year: but age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow ſhort, and leſſens ſtill his ſtake,
As the day leſſens, and his life with it.
Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call;
Before thy journey fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving ſtill miſdoubt ſome evil;
Leaſt gaining gain on thee, and make thee dim
To all things elſe. Wealth is the Conjurers Devil,
Whom when he thinks he hath, the Devil hath him.
Gold thou mayſt ſafely touch, but if it ſtick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What ſkills it, if a bag of ſtones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? Raiſe thy head;
Take ſtars for money; ſtars not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchaſed.
None is ſo waſtful as the ſcraping dame:
She loſeth three for one; her ſoul, reſt, fame.

By

By no means run in debt: take thine own meaſure.
Who cannot live on twenty pound a year,
Cannot on forty: he's a man of pleaſure,
A kind of thing that's for it ſelf too dear.
The curious unthrift makes his clothes too wide,
And ſpares himſelf, but would his Tayler chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes
Do fortunes ſeek, when worth and ſervice fail,
Would have their tale believed for their oathes,
And are like empty veſſels under ſail.
Old Courtiers know this: therefore ſet out ſo,
As all the day thou mayſt hold out to go.

In clothes, cheap handſomneſs doth bear the bell.
Wiſdome's a trimmer thing then ſhop e're gave.
Say not then, this with that lace will do well;
But, this with my diſcretion will be brave.
Much curiouſneſs is a perpetual wooing
Nothing with labour, folly long a doing.

Play not for gain, but ſport. Who playes for more
Then he can loſe with pleaſure, ſtakes his heart;
Perhaps his Wives too, and whom ſhe hath bore:
Servants and Churches alſo play their part.
Onely a Herauld, who that way doth paſs, (glaſs.
Finds his crackt name at length in the Church

If yet thou love game at ſo dear a rate,
Learn this, that hath old Gameſters dearly coſt:
Do'ſt loſe? Riſe up: Doſt win? Riſe in that ſtate:
Who ſtrive to ſit out loſing hands are loſt.
Game is a civil Gunpowder, in peace
Blowing up houſes with their whole increaſe.

In Converſation boldneſs now bears ſway.
But know that nothing can ſo fooliſh be
As empty boldneſs: therefore firſt aſſay
To ſtuff thy mind with ſolid bravery;
Then march on gallant: get ſubſtantial worth,
Boldneſs gilds finely, and will ſet it forth.

Be ſweet to all. Is thy complexion ſowre?
Then keep ſuch company; make them thy allay:
Get a ſharp Wife, a Servant that will lowre.
A ſtumbler ſtumbles leaſt in rugged way.
Command thy ſelf in chief. He lifes war knowes,
Whom all his paſſions follow as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not ſpeak
Plainly and home, is coward of the two.
Think not thy fame at ev'ry twitch will break:
By great deeds ſhew that thou canſt little do;
And do them not: that ſhall thy wiſdome be;
And change thy temperance into bravery.

If that thy fame with ev'ry toy be pos'd,
'Tis a thin web, which poyſonous fancies make:
But the great Souldiers honour was compos'd
Of thicker ſtuff, which would endure a ſhake.
Wiſdome picks friends; civility playes the reſt,
A toy ſhunn'd cleanly paſſeth with the beſt.

Laugh not too much: the witty man laughs leaſt:
For wit is newes onely to ignorance.
Leſs at thine own things laugh; leaſt in the jeſt
Thy perſon ſhare, and the conceit advance.
Make not thy ſport, abuſes: for the fly
That feeds on dung is coloured thereby.

Pick

Pick out of mirth, like ſtones out of thy ground,
Profaneneſs, filthineſs, abuſiveneſs.
Theſe are the ſcum, with which courſe wits abound:
The fine may ſpare this well, yet not go leſs.
All things are big with jeſt: nothing that's plain,
But may be witty if thou haſt the vein.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly ſtriking
Sometimes a friend, ſometimes the engineer.
Haſt thou the knack? Pamper it not with liking:
But if thou want it, buy it not too deer.
Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.

A ſad wiſe valour is the brave complexion,
That leads the Van, and ſwallows up the Cities.
The Gigler is a Milk-maid, whom infection
Or a fir'd Beacon frighteth from his Ditties.
Then he's the ſport: the mirth then in him reſts,
And the ſad man is Cock of all his jeſts.

Towards great perſons uſe reſpective boldneſs:
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
Nothing from thine: in ſervice, care, or coldneſs.
Doth ratably thy fortunes marre or make.
Feed no man in his ſins: for adulation
Doth make thee parcel-devil in damnation.

Envie not greatneſs: for thou mak'ſt thereby
Thy ſelf the worſe, and ſo the diſtance greater.
Be not thine own Worm: yet ſuch jealouſie,
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
Is a good ſpur. Correct thy paſſions ſpite;
Then may the beaſts draw thee to happy light.

When baſeneſs is exalted, do not bate
The place its honour, for the perſons ſake.
The ſhrine is that which thou doſt venerate;
And not the beaſt that bears it on his back.
I care not though the cloth of State ſhould be
Not of rich Arras, but mean Tapeſtry.

Thy friend put in thy boſome: wear his eyes
Still in thy heart, that he may ſee what's there.
If cauſe require, thou art his Sacrifice;
Thy drops of blood muſt pay down all his fear.
But love is loſt, the way of friendſhip's gone,
Though *David* had his *Jonathan*, *Chriſt* his *John*.

Yet be not ſurety, if thou be a Father.
Love is a perſonal debt. I cannot give
My childrens right, nor ought he take it: rather
Both friends ſhould die, then hinder them to live.
Fathers firſt enter bonds to natures ends;
And are her ſureties, ere they are a friends.

If thou be ſingle, all thy goods and ground
Submit to love; but yet not more then all.
Give one eſtate, as one life. None is bound
To work for two, who brought himſelf to thrall.
God made me one man; love makes me no more,
Till labour come, and make my weakneſs ſcore.

In thy diſcourſe, if thou deſire to pleaſe,
All ſuch is courteous, uſeful, new, or witty.
Uſefulneſs comes by labour, wit by eaſe;
Courteſie grows in Court, news in the City.
Get a good ſtock of theſe, then draw the Card
That ſuits him beſt of whom thy ſpeach is heard,

Entice

Entice all neatly to what they know beſt;
For ſo thou doſt thy ſelf and him a pleaſure:
(But a proud ignorance will loſe his reſt,
Rather then ſhew his Cards) ſteal from his treaſure
What to ask further. Doubts well rais'd do lock
The ſpeaker to thee, and preſerve thy ſtock.

If thou be Maſter-gunner, ſpend not all
That thou canſt ſpeak, at once; but husband it,
And give men turns of ſpeech: do not foreſtal
By laviſhneſs thine own and others wit,
As if thou mad'ſt thy Will. A civil gueſt
Will no more talk all, then eat all the feaſt.

Be calm in arguing: for fierceneſs makes
Error a fault, and truth diſcourteſie.
Why ſhould I feel another mans miſtakes
More then his ſickneſſes, or poverty?
In love I ſhould: but anger is not love,
Nor wiſdome neither: therefore gently move.

Calmneſs is great advantage: he that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire,
Mark all his wandrings, and enjoy his frets;
As cunning Fencers ſuffer heat to tire.
Truth dwells not in the clouds: the bow that's
Doth often aim at, never hit the ſphere. (there

Mark what another ſayes: for many are
Full of themſelves, and anſwer their own notion.
Take all into thee; then with equal care
Balance each dram of reaſon, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both:
Share in the conqueſt, and confeſs a troth.

Be

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places are the way
To compass this. Find out mens wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joyes go less
To that one joy of doing kindnesses.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be:
Sink not in spirit. Who aimeth at the skie
Shoots higher much then he that means a tree.
A grain of glory mixt with humbleness
Cures both a Feaver and Lethargickness.

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,
And when, and how the business may be done.
Slackness breeds worms; but the sure traveller,
Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.
Active and stirring spirits live alone.
Write on the others, *Here lies such an one.*

Slight not the smallest loss, whether it be
In love or honour: take account of all;
Shine like the Sun in every corner: see
Whether thy stock of credit swell, or fall.
Who say, *I care not*, those I give for lost;
And to instruct them will not quit the cost.

Scorn no mans love, though of a mean degree;
(Love is a present for a mighty king)
Much less make any one thine enemie.
As Guns destroy, so may a little Sling.
The cunning work-man never doth refuse
The meanest tool, that he may chance to use.

All

All forreign wisdome doth amount to this,
To take all that is given; whether wealth,
Or love, or language; nothing comes amiss:
A good digestion turneth all to health:
And then, as far as fair behaviour may,
Strike off all scores; none are so clear as they.

Keep all thy natural good, and naturalize
All forreign of that name; but scorn their ill:
Embrace their activeness, not vanities.
Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.
If thou observest strangers in each fit,
In time they'l run thee out of all thy wit.

Affect in things about thee cleanliness,
That all may gladly board thee as a flower.
Slovens take up their stock of noisomness
Beforehand, and anticipate their last hour.
Let thy minds sweetness have his operation
Upon thy Body, clothes, and habitation.

In Alms regard thy means, and others merit.
Think Heav'n a better bargain then to give
Only thy single market-money for it.
Joyn hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all something, to a good poor man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is Gods Image; but a poor man is
Christs stamp to boot: both Images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour his:
Write, *So much giv'n to God*; thou shalt be heard.
Let thy Alms go before, and keep Heav'ns gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

Restore

Reſtore to God his due in tithe and time:
A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole eſtate.
Sundays obſerve: think, when the bells do chime,
'Tis Angels muſick; therefore come not late.
God then deals bleſſings: If a King did ſo,
Who would not haſt, nay give, to ſee the ſhow?

Twice on the day his due is underſtood;
For all the week thy food ſo oft he gave thee.
Thy cheer is mended; bate not of the food,
Becauſe 'tis better, and perhaps may ſave thee.
Thwart not th' Almighty God: O be not croſs.
Faſt when thou wilt, but *then*, 'tis gain, not loſs.

Though private prayer be a brave deſign,
Yet publick hath more promiſes, more love:
And loves a weight to hearts, to eyes a ſigne.
We are all but cold ſuiters; let us move
Where it is warmeſt. Leave thy ſix and ſeven;
Pray with the moſt; for where moſt pray, is heaven.

When once thy foot enters the Church, be bare.
God is more there then thou: for thou art there
Only by his permiſſion. Then beware,
And make thy ſelf all reverence and fear.
Kneeling n'ere ſpoil'd ſilk ſtocking: quit thy ſtate.
All equal are within the Churches gate.

Reſort to Sermons, but to prayers moſt:
Praying's the end of preaching. O be dreſt;
Stay not for th' other pin: why, thou haſt loſt
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jeſt
Away thy bleſſings, and extreamly flout thee,
Thy clothes being faſt, but thy ſoul looſe about thee.

In

In time of ſervice ſeal up both thine eyes,
And ſend them to thine heart; they ſpying ſin,
They may weep out the ſtains by them did riſe:
Thoſe doors being ſhut, all by the ear comes in.
Who marks in Church-time others ſymmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or buſie thoughts have there no part:
Bring not thy plow, thy plots, thy pleaſures thither.
Chriſt purg'd his Temple; ſo muſt thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but theeves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well:
For Churches are either our Heaven or Hell.

Judge not the Preacher; for he is thy Judge:
If thou miſlike him, thou conceiv'ſt him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treaſures from an earthen pot.
The worſt ſpeak ſomething good: if all want ſenſe,
God takes a Text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the bleſſing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not loſt his pains,
He that by being at Church eſcapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
He that loves Gods abode, and to combine (ſhine.
With Saints on earth, ſhall one day with them

Jeſt not at Preachers language or expreſſion:
How knoweſt thou but thy ſins made him miſcarry?
Then turn thy faults and his into confeſſion:
God ſent him, whatſoe're he be: O tarry,
And love him for his Maſter: his condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill Phyſitian.

None

None ſhall in Hell ſuch bitter pangs endure,
As thoſe who mock at Gods way of ſalvation.
Whom Oyl and Balſams kill, what Salve can cure?
They drink with greedineſs a full damnation.
The Jews refuſed thunder; and we, ſolly.
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy?

Summe up at night what thou haſt done by day;
And in the morning, what thou haſt to do.
Dreſs and undreſs thy ſoul: mark the decay
And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both: ſince we ſhall be
Moſt ſurely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely: play the man.
Look not on pleaſures as they come, but go.
Defer not the leaſt vertue: lifes poor ſpan
Make not an ell, by triding in thy wo.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains:
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

¶ Super-

¶ Superliminare.

THou, whom the former Precepts have
Sprinkled, and taught how to behave
Thy self in Church; approach, and taſte
The Churches myſtical repaſt.

AVoid profaneneſs; come not here:
Nothing but holy, pure, and clear,
Or that, which groaneth to be ſo,
May at his peril further go.

¶ The *Altar.*

A Broken ALTAR, Lord, thy Servant reares,
Made of a heart, and cemented with teares,
Whose parts are as thy hand did frame
No workmans tool hath touch'd the same.

A HEART alone
Is such a stone,
As nothing but
Thy power doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart,
Meets in this frame,
To praise thy name.

That, if I chance to hold my peace,
These stones to praise thee may not cease.

O let thy blessed SACRIFICE be mine,
And sanctifie this ALTAR to be thine.

The Sacrifice.

OH all ye who pass by, whose eyes and mind
To worldly things are sharp, but to me blind;
To me, who took eyes that I might you find.
Was ever grief like mine?

The Princes of my people make a head
Against their Maker: they do wish me dead,
Who cannot wish, except I give them bread.
Was ever grief, &c.

Without me each one, who doth now me brave,
Had to this day been an Egyptian Slave.
They use that power against me, which I gave.
Was ever grief, &c.

Mine own Apostle, who the bag did bear,
Though he had all I had, did not forbear
To sell me also, and to put me there.
Was ever grief, &c.

For thirty pence he did my death devise,
Who at three hundred did the Ointment prize,
Not half so sweet as my sweet Sacrifice.
Was ever grief, &c.

Therefore my soul melts, and my hearts dear treasure
Drops blood (the only beads) my words to measure:
Oh let this cup pass, if it be thy pleasure.
Was ever grief, &c.

These drops being temper'd with a sinners tears,
A Balsam are for both the Hemispheres,
Curing all wounds, but mine; all, but my fears.
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet

Yet my Disciples sleep: I cannot gain
One hour of watching; but their drowsie brain
Comforts not me, and doth my Doctrine stain.
Was ever grief like mine!

Arise, arise, they come. Look how they run!
Alas! what haste they make to be undone!
How with their Lanterns do they seek the Sun!
Was ever grief, &c.

With clubs and staves they seek me as a thief,
Who am the way of truth, the true relief;
Most true to those who are my greatest grief.
Was ever grief, &c.

Judas, dost thou betray me with a kiss?
Canst thou find hell about my lips? And miss
Of life, just at the gates of life and bliss?
Was ever grief, &c.

See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands
Of faith, but fury: yet at their commands
I suffer binding, who have loos'd their bands.
Was ever grief, &c.

All my Disciples flee; fear puts a bar
Betwixt my friends and me. They leave that Star
That brought the wise-men of the East from far.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then from one Ruler to another bound
They lead me; urging, that it was not sound
What I taught; Comments would the text confound.
Was ever grief, &c.

The Priest and Rulers all false witness seek
'Gainst him, who seeks not life, but is the meek
And ready Paschal Lamb of this great week.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then

Then they accuſe me of great blaſphemy;
That I did thruſt into the Deity,
Who never thought that any robbery.
Was ever grief like mine?

Some ſaid, that I the Temple to the floor
In three dayes raz'd, and raiſed as before.
Why, he that built the World can do much more.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then they condemn me all with that ſame breath,
Which I do give them dayly, unto death.
Thus *Adam* my firſt breathing rendereth.
Was ever grief, &c.

They bind, and lead me unto *Herod*: he
Sends me to *Pilate*. This makes them agree;
But yet their friendſhip is my enmitie.
Was ever grief, &c.

Herod and all his bands do ſet me light,
Who teach all hands to war, fingers to fight,
And only am the Lord of hoſts and might.
Was ever grief, &c.

Herod in judgement ſits while I do ſtand,
Examines me with a cenſorious hand:
I him obey, who all things elſe command.
Was ever grief, &c.

The *Jews* accuſe me with deſpightfulneſs;
And vying malice with my gentleneſs,
Pick quarrels with their only happineſs.
Was ever grief, &c.

I anſwer nothing, but with patience prove
If ſtony hearts will melt with gentle love.
But who does hawk at Eagles with a Dove?
Was ever grief, &c.

My

My silence rather doth augment their cry;
My Dove doth back into my bosome fly;
Because the raging waters still are high.
Was ever grief like mine

Hark how they cry aloud still, *Crucifie*:
It is not fit he live a day, they cry,
Who cannot live less then eternally,
Was ever grief, &c.

Pilate, a stranger, holdeth off: but they,
Mine own dear people cry, *Away, Away,*
With noises confused frighting the day.
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet still they shout, and cry, and stop their ears,
Putting my life among their sins and fears,
And therefore wish my blood *on them and theirs.*
Was ever grief, &c.

See how spite cankers things! These words aright
Used, and wished, are the whole worlds light:
But honey is their gall, brightness their night
Was ever grief, &c.

They choose a murtherer, and all agree
In him to do themselves a curtesie:
For it was their own cause who killed me.
Was ever grief, &c.

And a seditious murtherer he was:
But I the Prince of peace; peace that doth pass
All understanding, more then heav'n doth glass.
Was ever grief, &c.

Why, *Cæsar* is their only King, not I:
He clave the stony rock, when they were dry;
But surely not their hearts, as I well try.
Was ever grief, &c.

Ah!

Ah! how they scourge me! yet my tenderness
Doubles each lash: and yet their bitterness
Winds up my grief to a mysteriousness.
Was ever grief like mine?

They buffet me, and box me as they list,
Who grasp the earth and heaven with my fist,
And never yet whom I would punish, miss'd.
Was ever grief, &c.

Behold, they spit on me in scornful wise,
Who by my spittle gave the blind man eyes,
Leaving his blindness to mine enemies.
Was ever grief, &c.

My face they cover, though it be divine
As *Moses* face was vailed, so is mine,
Lest on their double-dark souls either shine.
Was ever grief, &c.

Servants and abjects flout me; they are witty:
Now prophesie who strikes thee, is their ditty.
So they in me deny themselves all pitty.
Was ever grief, &c.

And now I am deliver'd unto death,
Which each one calls for so with utmost breath,
That he before me well nigh suffereth.
Was ever grief, &c.

Weep not, dear friends, since I for both have wept
When all my tears were blood, the while you slept:
Your tears for your own fortunes should be kept.
Was ever grief, &c.

The Souldiers lead me to the common hall;
There they deride me, they abuse me all:
Yet for twelve heav'nly legions I could call.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then

Then with a ſcarlet robe they me array;
Which ſhews my blood to be the only way,
And cordial left to repair mans decay.
Was ever grief like mine

Then on my head a Crown of thorns I wear,
For theſe are all the Grapes *Sion* doth bear,
Though I my Vine planted and watred there.
Was ever grief, &c.

So ſits the earths great curſe in *Adams* fall
Upon my head: ſo I remove it all
From th' earth unto my browes, and bear the thrall.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then with the Reed they gave to me before,
They ſtrike my head, the rock from whence all ſtore
Of heav'nly bleſſings iſſue evermore.
Was ever grief, &c.

They bow their heads to me, and cry, *Hail King.*
What ever ſcoffs or ſcornfulneſs can bring,
I am the floor, the ſink, where they it fling.
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet ſince mans Scepters are as frail as Reeds,
And thorny all their Crowns, bloody their Weeds;
I, who am truth, turn into truth their deeds.
Was ever grief, &c.

The Souldiers alſo ſpit upon that face,
Which Angels did deſire to have the grace,
And Prophets once to ſee, but found no place.
Was ever grief, &c.

Thus trimmed forth they bring me to the rout,
Who *Crucifie him* cry with one ſtrong ſhout.
God holds his peace at man, and man cries out.
Was ever grief, &c.

They lead me in once more, and putting then
Mine own cloaths on, they lead me out agen.
Whom Devils fly, thus is he tos'd of men.
Was ever grief like mine?

And now weary of sport, glad to engros
All spite in one, counting my life their los,
They carry me to my most bitter Cros.
Was ever grief, &c.

My Cros I bear my self, untill I faint:
Then *Simon* bears it for me by constraint,
The decreed burden of each mortal Saint.
Was ever grief, &c.

O all ye who pass by, behold and see:
Man stole the Fruit, but I must climb the Tree;
The Tree of Life to all, but onely me.
Was ever grief, &c.

Lo, here I hang, charg'd with a world of sin,
The greater world o'th'two: for that came in
By words, but this by sorrow I must win.
Was ever grief, &c.

Such sorrow as if sinful man could feel,
Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel,
Till all were melted, though he were all steel.
Was ever grief, &c.

But, *O my God, my God!* why leav'st thou me,
The Son, in whom thou dost delight to be?
My God, my God ——
Never was grief like mine.

Shame tears my soul, my body many a wound;
Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound;
Reproaches, which are free, while I am bound.
Was ever grief, &c.

heal thy self, Physician; now come down.
ice, when I left my crown
Smile for you, to feel his frown.
Was ever grief like mine?

ing for my self, there doth consist
alvation, which ye now resist;
ority in my sickness doth subsist.
Was ever grief, &c.

t two thieves I spend my utmost breath,
e that for some robbery suffereth.
Alas! what have I stollen from you? Death.
Was ever grief, &c.

A King my title is, prefixt on high;
Yet by my subiects I'me condemn'd to dy
A servile death in servile company.
Was ever grief, &c.

They gave me vineger mingled with gall,
But more with malice: yet, when they did call,
With Manna, Angels food, I fed them all.
Was ever grief, &c.

They part my garments, and by lot dispose
My coat, the type of love, which once cur'd those
Who sought for help, never malicious foes.
Was ever grief, &c.

Nay after death their spite shall further go:
For they will pierce my side, I full well know,
That as sin came, so Sacraments might flow.
Was ever grief, &c.

But now I dy; now all is finished,
My woe, mans weal: And now I bow my head.
Onely let others say, when I am dead,
Never was grief like mine.

¶ The Thanksgiving.

OH King of grief! (a title strange, yet true,
To thee of all kings onely due)
Oh King of wounds! how shall I grieve for thee,
Who in all grief preventest me?
Shall I weep bloud? why, thou hast wept such store,
That all thy body was one door.
Shall I be scourged, flouted, boxed, sold?
'Tis but to tell the tale is told.
My God, my God, why dost thou part from me?
Was such a grief as cannot be.
Shall I then sing, skipping thy dolefull story,
And side with thy triumphant glory?
Shall thy strokes be my stroking? thorns my flower?
Thy rod my posie? cross, my bower?
But how then shall I imitate thee, and
Copy thy fair, though bloudy hand?
Surely I will revenge me on thy love,
And try who shall victorious prove.
If thou dost give me wealth, I will restore
All back unto thee by the poor.
If thou dost give me honour, men shall see
The honour doth belong to thee.
I will not marry; or, if she be mine,
She and her children shall be thine.
My bosom-friend, if he blaspheme thy name,
I will tear thence his love and fame.
One half of me being gone, the rest I give
Unto some Chappel, dy or live.
As for thy passion — But of that anon,
When with the other I have done.
For thy predestination, I'le contrive,
That three years hence, if I survive,

I'le build a ſpittle, or mend common ways,
But mend mine own without delays.
Then I will uſe the works of thy creation,
As if I us'd them but for faſhion.
The world and I will quarrel; and the year
Shall not perceive that I am here.
My muſick ſhall find thee, and ev'ry ſtring
Shall have his attribute to ſing;
That altogether may accord in thee,
And prove one God, one harmony.
If thou wilt give me wit, it ſhall appear,
If thou haſt giv'n it me, 'tis here.
Nay, I will read thy book, and never move
Till I have found therein thy love;
Thy art of love, which I'le turn back on thee,
O my dear Saviour, Victory!
Then for thy paſſion—I will do for that—
Alas! my God, I know not what.

¶ The Repriſal.

I Have conſider'd it, and finde
There is no dealing with thy mighty paſſion:
For though I dy for thee, I am behinde;
My ſins deſerve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I
May give a diſ-entangled ſtate and free:
And yet thy wounds ſtill my attempts defie,
For by thy death I dy for thee.

Ah! was it not enough that thou
By thy eternal glory didſt ourgo me?
Couldſt thou not griefs ſad conqueſts me allow,
But in all vict'ries overthrow me?

Yet

Yet by confession will I come
Into the conquest. Though I can do nought
Against thee, in thee I will overcome
The man who once against thee fought.

¶ The Agony.

Philosophers have measur'd mountains,
Fathom'd the depths of seas, of states, and kings;
Walk'd with a staff to heav'n, and traced fountains:
But there are two vast, spacious things,
The which to measure it doth more behove:
Yet few there are that Sound them; Sin and Love.

Who would know Sin, let him repair
Unto mount Olivet; there shall he see
A man so wrung with pains, that all his hair,
His skin, his garments bloudy be.
Sin is that Press and Vice, which forceth pain
To hunt his cruel food through ev'ry vein.

Who knows not Love, let him assay
And taste that juice, which on the cross a pike
Did set again abroach; then let him say
If ever he did taste the like.
Love is that liquor sweet and most divine,
Which my God feels as bloud; but I as wine.

¶ The Sinner.

LOrd, how I am all Ague, when I ſeek
What I have treaſur'd in my memory!
Since, if my ſoul make even with the week,
Each ſeventh note by right is due to thee.

I finde there quarries of pil'd vanities,
But ſhreds of holineſs, that dare not venture
To ſhew their face, ſince croſs to thy decrees:
There the circumference earth is, heav'n the centre.

In ſo much dregs the quinteſſence is ſmall:
The ſpirit and good extract of my heart
Comes to about the many hundreth part.
Yet Lord reſtore thine Image, hear my call:
And though my hard heart ſcarce to thee can grone,
Remember that thou once didſt write in ſtone.

¶ Good-Friday.

O My chief good,
How ſhall I meaſure out thy blood?
How ſhall I count what thee befell,
And each grief tell?

Shall I thy woes
Number according to thy foes?
Or, ſince one ſtar ſhew'd thy firſt breath,
Shall all thy death?

Or ſhall each leaf,
Which falls in Autumn, ſcore a grief?
Or cannot leaves, but fruit, be ſign
Of the true Vine?

Then

Then let each hour
Of my whole life one grief devour;
That thy diſtreſs through all may run,
And be my ſun.

Or rather let
My ſev'ral ſins their ſorrows get;
That as each beaſt his cure doth know,
Each ſin may ſo.

SInce blood is fitteſt, Lord, to write
Thy ſorrows in, and bloody fight;
My heart hath ſtore; write there, where in
One box doth ly both Ink and Sin:

That when Sin ſpies ſo many foes,
Thy whips, thy nails, thy wounds, thy woes,
All come to lodg there, Sin may ſay,
No room for me, and fly away.

Sin being gone, O fill the place,
And keep poſſeſſion with thy grace;
Leſt Sin take courage and return,
And all the writings blot or burn.

¶ Redemption.

HAving been tenant long to a rich Lord,
Not thriving, I reſolved to be bold,
And make a ſuit unto him, to afford
A new ſmall-rented-leaſe, and cancel th'old.
In heaven at his Mannour I him ſought:
They told me there that he was lately gone
About ſome land which he had dearly (bought
Long ſince on earth, to take poſſeſſion.

I ſtraight return'd, and knowing his great birth,
Sought him accordingly in great reſorts;
In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts:
At length I heard a ragged noiſe and mirth
Of thieves, and murderers: there I him eſpied,
Who ſtraight, *Your ſuit is granted*, ſaid, & died.

¶ Sepulchre.

O Bleſſed Body! Whither art thou thrown?
No lodging for thee, but a cold hard ſtone?
So many hearts on earth, and yet not one
Receive thee?

Sure there is room within our hearts good ſtore;
For they can lodg tranſgreſſions by the ſcore:
Thouſands of toys dwell there, yet out of door
They leave thee.

But that which ſhews them large, ſhews them unfit.
What ever ſin did this pure rock commit,
Which holds thee now? Who hath indited it
Of murder?

Where our hard hearts have took up ſtones to brain thee,
And miſſing this, moſt falſly did arraign thee;
Only theſe ſtones in quiet entertain thee,
And order.

And as of old the Law by heav'nly art
Was writ in ſtone; ſo thou, which alſo art
The letter of the word, find'ſt no fit heart
To hold thee.

Yet do we ſtill perſiſt as we began,
And ſo ſhould periſh, but that nothing can,
Though it be cold, hard, ſoul, from loving man
Withhold thee.

¶ Easter.

RIse heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
Without delays,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With him mast rise:
That, as his death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee Gold, and much more, Just.

Awake, my Lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art.
The Cross taught all wood to resound his Name,
Who bore the same.
His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both Heart and Lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long:
Or, since all musick is but three parts vied,
And multiplied;
O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

I Got me flowers to straw thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The Sun arising in the East,
Though he give light, and th' East perfume;
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many Suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss:
There is but one, and that one ever.

¶ Easter-wings.

Lord, who createdſt man in wealth and ſtore,
Though fooliſhly he loſt the ſame,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Moſt poor,

With thee
O let me riſe
As Larks, harmoniouſly,
And ſing this day thy victories:
Then ſhall the fall further the flight in me.

Easter.

My tender age in ſorrow did beginne:
And ſtill with ſickneſſes and ſhame
Thou didſt ſo puniſh ſinne,
That I became
Moſt thinne.

With thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day thy victory:
For, if I imp my wing on thine
Affliction ſhall advance the flight in me.

¶ H. Baptiſm.

As he that ſees a dark and ſhady grove,
Stays not, but looks beyond it on the ſky;
So when I view my ſins, mine eyes remove
More backward ſtill, and to that water fly,
Which is above the heav'ns, whoſe ſpring and vent
Is in my dear Redeemers pierced ſide.
O bleſſed ſtreams! either ye do prevent
And ſtop our ſins from growing thick and wide,
Or elſe give tears to drown them, as they grow.
In you Redemption meaſures all my time,
And ſpreads the plaiſter equal to the crime,
You taught the Book of Life my name, that ſo
What ever future ſins ſhould me miſcall,
Your firſt acquaintance might diſcredit all.

¶ H. Baptiſm.

SInce, Lord, to thee,
A narrow way and little gate
Is all the paſſage, on my infancy
Thou didſt lay hold, and antedate
My faith in me.

O let me ſtill
Write thee great God, and me a child:
Let me be ſoft and ſupple to thy will,
Small to my ſelf, to others milde,
Behither ill.

Although by ſtealth
My fleſh get on; yet let her ſiſter
My ſoul bid nothing, but preſerve her wealth:
The growth of fleſh is but a bliſter;
Childhood is health.

Nature

¶ Nature.

Full of Rebellion, I would dy,
Or fight, or travel, or deny
That thou haſt ought to do with me.
O tame my heart!
It is thy higheſt art
To captivate ſtrong holds to thee.

If thou ſhalt let this venome lurk,
And in ſuggeſtions fume and work,
My ſoul will turn to bubbles ſtraight,
And thence by kinde
Vaniſh into a winde,
Making thy workmanſhip deceit.

O ſmooth my rugged heart, and there
Engrave thy rev'rend Law and fear:
Or make a new one, ſince the old
Is ſapleſs grown,
And a much fitter ſtone
To hide my duſt, then thee to hold.

¶ Sin.

Lord, with what care haſt thou begirt us round!
Parents firſt ſeaſon us: then School-maſters
Deliver us to laws; they ſend us bound
To rules of reaſon, holy meſſengers,
Pulpits and Sundays, ſorrow dogging ſin,
Affictions ſorted, anguiſh of all ſizes,
Fine nets and ſtratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of ſurpriſes,

Bleſſings beforehand, tyes of gratefulneſs,
The ſound of glory ringing in our ears:
Without, our ſhame; within, our conſciences:
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all theſe fences and their whole aray
One cunning boſom-ſin blows quite away.

¶ Affliction.

When firſt thou didſt entice to thee my heart,
I thought the ſervice brave:
So many joys I writ down for my part
Beſides what I might have
Out of my ſtock of natural delights,
Augmented with thy gracious benefits.

I looked on thy furniture ſo fine,
And made it fine to me:
Thy glorious houſhold-ſtuff did me entwine,
And 'tice me unto thee.
Such ſtars I counted mine: both heav'n and earth
Paid me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleaſures could I want, whoſe King I ſerved,
Where joys my fellows were?
Thus argu'd into hopes, my thoughts reſerved
No place for grief or fear.
Therefore my ſudden ſoul caught at the place,
And made her youth and fierceneſs ſeek thy face.

At firſt thou gav'ſt me milk and ſweetneſſes;
I had my wiſh and way:
My days were ſtraw'd with flowers and happineſs;
There was no moneth but *May*.
But with my years ſorrow did twiſt and grow,
And made a party unawares for wo.

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,
Sicknesses cleave my bones;
Consuming Agues dwell in ev'ry vein,
And tune my breath to grones
Sorrow was all my soul; I scarce believed,
Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

When I got health, thou took'st away my life,
And more; for my friends dy:
My mirth and edg was lost; a blunted knife
Was of more use than I.
Thus thin and lean without a fence or friend,
I was blown through with ev'ry storm and wind.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town,
Thou didst betray me to a lingring book,
And wrapt me in a gown,
I was intangled in the world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threatned oft the siege to raise,
Not simpring all mine age,
Thou often didst with Academick praise
Melt and dissolve my rage.
I took thy sweetned pill, till I came where
I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet, lest perchance I should too happy be
In my unhappiness,
Turning my purge to food, thou throwest me
Into more sicknesses.
Thus doth thy power cross-bias me, not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now

Now I am here what thou wilt do with me
None of my books will ſhow:
I reade, and ſigh, and wiſh I were a tree;
For ſure then I ſhould grow
To fruit or ſhade: at leaſt ſome bird would truſt
Her houſhold to me, and I ſhould be juſt.

Yet, though thou troubleſt me, I muſt be meek;
In weakneſs muſt be ſtout.
Well, I will change the ſervice, and go ſeek
Some other maſter out.
Ah my dear God! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

¶ Repentance.

LOrd, I confeſs my ſin is great;
Great is my ſin. Oh! gently treat
With thy quick flow'r, thy momentany bloom;
Whoſe life ſtill preſſing
Is one undreſſing,
A ſteady aiming at a tomb.

Mans age is two hours work or three:
Each day doth round about us ſee,
Thus are we to delights: but we are all
To ſorrows old,
If life be told
From what life feeleth, *Adams* fall.

O let thy height of mercy then
Compaſſionate ſhort-breathed men.
Cut me not off for my moſt foul tranſgreſſion.
I do confeſs
My fooliſhneſs;
My God, accept of my confeſſion.

Sweet

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl,
Which thou haſt pour'd into my ſoul: (ther:
Thy wormwood turn to health, winds to fair wea-
For if thou ſtay,
I and this day,
As we did riſe we dy together.

When thou for ſin rebukeſt man,
Forthwith he waxeth wo and wan:
Bitterneſs fills our bowels; all our hearts
Pine and decay,
And drop away,
And carry with them th'other parts.

But thou wilt ſin and grief deſtroy;
That ſo the broken bones may joy,
And tune together in a well-ſet ſong,
Full of his praiſes,
Who dead men raiſes.
Fractures well cur'd make us more ſtrong.

¶ Faith.

LOrd, how couldſt thou ſo much appeaſe
Thy wrath for ſin, as when mans ſight was dim
And could ſee little, to regard his eaſe,
And bring by faith all things to him?

Hungry I was, and had no meat:
I did conceit a moſt delicious feaſt;
I had it ſtraight, and did as truly eat,
As ever did a welcome gueſt.

There is a rare outlandiſh root,
Which when I could not get, I thought it here:
That apprehenſion cur'd ſo well my foot,
That I can walk to heav'n well near.

I owed

I owed thousands and much more;
I did believe that I did nothing ow,
And liv'd accordingly: my creditour
Believes so too, and lets me go.

Faith makes me any thing, or all
That I believe is in the sacred story:
And where sin placeth me in *Adams fall*,
Faith sets me higher in his glory.

If I go lower in the book,
What can be lower then the common manger?
Faith puts me there with him, who sweetly took
Our flesh and frailty, death and danger?

If bliss had lien in art or strength,
None but the wise or strong had gained it:
Where now by faith all armes are of a length;
One size doth all conditions fit.

A peasant may believe as much
As a great Clerk, and reach the highest stature.
Thus dost thou make proud knowledg bend & crou
While Grace fills up uneven Nature.

When creatures had no real light
Inherent in them, thou didst make the Sun
Impute a lustre, and allow them bright;
And in this shew what Christ hath done.

That which before was darkned clean
With bushy groves, pricking the lookers eye,
Vanisht away, when faith did change the scene:
And then appear'd a glorious sky.

What though my body run to dust?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting ev'ry grain
With an exact and most particular trust,
Reserving all for flesh again.

¶ Prayer.

PRayer the Churches banquet, Angels age,
Gods breath in man returning to his birth,
The ſoul in paraphraſe, heart in pilgrimage,
The Chriſtian plummet ſounding heav'n and earth.

Engine againſt th'Almighty, ſinners towre,
Reverſed thunder, Chriſt-ſide-piercing ſpear,
The ſix-days world-tranſpoſing in an hour,
A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear,

Softneſs, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliſs,
Exalted Manna, gladneſs of the beſt,
Heaven in ordinary, man well dreſt,
The milky way, the bird of Paradiſe,

Church-bels beyond the ſtars heard, the ſouls blood,
The Land of Spices, ſomething underſtood.

¶ The H. Communion.

NOt in rich furniture, or fine aray,
Nor in a wedg of gold,
Thou who for me waſt ſold,
To me doſt now thy ſelf convey;
For ſo thou ſhould'ſt without me ſtill have been,
Leaving within me ſin:

But by the way of nouriſhment and ſtrength,
Thou creep'ſt into my breſt;
Making thy way my reſt,
And thy ſmall quantities my length;
Which ſpread their forces into ev'ry part,
Meeting ſins force and art.

Yet

Yet can these not get over to my soul,
Leaping the wall that parts
Our souls and fleshly hearts;
But as th' out-works, they may controll
My rebell-flesh, and carrying thy name,
Affright both sin and shame.

Onely thy grace, which with these elements com
Knoweth the ready way,
And hath the privy key,
Op'ning the souls most subtile rooms:
While those to spirits refin'd, at door attend
Dispatches from their friend.

GIve me my captive soul, or take
My body also thither.
Another lift like this will make
Them both to be together.

Before that sin turn'd flesh to stone,
And all our lump to leaven:
A fervent sigh might well have blown
Our innocent earth to heaven.

For sure when *Adam* did not know
To sin, or sin to smother;
He might to Heav'n from Paradise go,
As from one room t'another.

Thou hast restor'd us to this ease
By this thy heav'nly bloud,
Which I can go to, when I please,
And leave th'earth to their food.

¶ Antiph

¶ Antiphon.

Cho. LEt all the world in ev'ry corner ſing,
My God and King.

Vers. The Heav'ns are not too high,
His praiſe may thither fly;
The earth is not too low,
His prayſes there may grow.

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner ſing,
My God and King.

Vers. The Church with Pſalms muſt ſhout,
No door can keep them out:
But above all, the heart
Muſt bear the longeſt part.

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner ſing,
My God and King.

¶ Love I.

IMmortal Love, author of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty which can never fade;
How hath man parcell'd out thy glorious Name,
And thrown it on that duſt which thou haſt made.

While mortal love doth all the title gain!
Which fiding with invention, they together
Bear all the ſway, poſſeſſing heart and brain,
(Thy workmanſhip) and give thee ſhare in neither.

Wit

The groſſer world ſtands to thy word and art;
But thy diviner world of grace
Thou ſuddenly doſt raiſe and raſe,
And ev'ry day a new Creatour art.

O fix thy chair of grace, that all my powers
May alſo fix their reverence:
For when thou doſt depart from hence,
They grow unruly, and ſit in thy bowers.

Scatter, or binde them all to bend to thee:
Though elements change, and heaven move,
Let not thy higher Court remove,
But keep a ſtanding Majeſty in me.

¶ Jordan.

WHo ſays that fictions onely and falſe hair
Become a verſe? Is there in truth no beauty?
Is all good ſtructure in a winding ſtair?
May no lines paſs, except they do their duty
Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it no verſe, except enchanted groves
And ſudden arbours ſhadow courſe-ſpun lines?
Muſt purling ſtreams refreſh a lovers loves?
Muſt all be vail'd, while he that reads, divines,
Catching the ſenſe at two removes?

Shepherds are honeſt people; let them ſing:
Riddle who liſt, for me, and pull for Prime:
I envy no mans Nightingale or Spring:
Nor let them puniſh me with loſs of rhyme,
Who plainly ſay, *My God*, *My King*.

Empl

¶ Employment.

IF as a flower doth ſpread and dy,
Thou wouldſt extend me to ſome good,
Before I were by froſts extremity,
Nipt in the bud,

The ſweetneſs and the praiſe were thine:
But the extenſion and the room,
Which in thy garland I ſhould fill, were mine
At thy great doom.

For as thou doſt impart thy grace,
The greater ſhall our glory be.
The meaſure of our joys is in this place,
The ſtuff with thee.

Let me not languiſh then, and ſpend
A life as barren to thy praiſe,
As is the duſt, to which that life doth tend,
But with delays.

All things are buſie; only I
Neither bring honey with the Bees,
Nor flowres to make that, nor the husbandry
To water theſe.

I am no link of thy great chain,
But all my company is a weed.
Lord place me in thy conſort; give one ſtrain
To my poor reed.

Wit fancies beauty, beauty raiſeth wit:
The world is theirs; they two play out the ga
Thou ſtanding by: and though thy glorious na
Wrought our deliverance from th'infernal pit,

Who ſings thy Praiſe? onely a ſcarfe or glove
Doth warm our hands, and make them write of

II.

IMmortal Heat, O let thy greater flame
Attract the leſſer to it! let thoſe fires,
Which ſhall conſume the world, firſt make it ta
And kindle in our hearts ſuch true deſires,

As may conſume our luſts, and make thee way.
Then ſhall our hearts pant thee; then ſhall our
All her invention on thine Altar lay.
And there in hymns ſend back thy fire again.

Our eyes ſhall ſee thee, which before ſaw duſt;
Duſt blown by wit, till that they both were bli
Thou ſhalt recover all thy goods in kinde,
Who were diſſeized by uſurping luſt:
All knees ſhall bow to thee; all wits ſhall riſe,
And praiſe him who did make and mend our ey

¶ The Temper.

HOw ſhould I praiſe thee, Lord! how ſhould
Gladly engrave thy loves in ſteel, (rh
If what my ſoul doth feel ſometimes,
My ſoul might ever feel!

Although there were ſome fourty heav'ns, or more,
Sometimes I peer above them all;
Sometimes I hardly reach a ſcore;
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to ſuch a vaſt extent;
Thoſe diſtances belong to thee:
The world's too little for thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Wilt thou mete arms with man, that thou doſt ſtretch
A crumb of duſt from heav'n to hell?
Will great God meaſure with a wretch?
Shall he thy ſtature ſpell?

O let me, when thy roof my ſoul hath hid,
O let me rooſt and neſtle there:
Then of a ſinner thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

Yet take thy way; for ſure thy way is beſt:
Stretch or contract me thy poor debter
This is but tuning of my breaſt,
To make the muſick better.

Whether I fly with Angels, fall with duſt,
Thy hands made both, and I am there.
Thy power and love, my love and truſt
Make one place ev'ry where.

¶ The Temper.

IT cannot be. Where is that mighty Joy,
Which juſt now took up all my heart?
Lord, if thou muſt needs uſe thy dart,
Save that, and me, or ſin for both deſtroy.

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Lord place me in thy conſort; give one ſtrain
To my poor reed.

The Holy Scriptures I.

OH Book! infinite sweetness! let my heart
Suck ev'ry letter, and a honey gain,
Precious for any grief in any part;
To clear the breast, to mollifie all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make
A full eternity: thou art a mass
Of strange delights, where we may wish and
Ladies, look here; this is the thankful glass. (take

That mends the lookers eyes: this is the Well
That washes what it shews. Who can indear t
Thy praise too much? Thou art heav'ns Leige
Working against the states of death and hell, (then
Thou art joyes handsel: heav'n lies flat in thee
Subject to ev'ry mounters bended knee.

II.

OH that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glory!
Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,
But all the constellations of the story.

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion
Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lye:
Then, as dispersed herbs do watch a Potion,
These three make up some Christians destiny.

Such

Such are thy ſecrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee: for in ev'ry thing
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
And in another make me underſtood.

Stars are poor books, and oftentimes do miſs:
This book of ſtars lights to eternal bliſs.

Whitſunday.

Liſten ſweet Dove unto my ſong,
And ſpread thy golden wings in me;
Hatching my tender heart ſo long,
Till it get wing, and fly away with thee.

Where is that fire which once deſcended
On thy Apoſtles? Thou didſt then
Keep open houſe, richly attended,
Feaſting all comers by twelve choſen men.

Such glorious gifts thou didſt beſtow,
That th' earth did like a heav'n appear:
The ſtars were coming down to know
If they might mend their wages, and ſerve here.

The Sun, which once did ſhine alone,
Hung down his head, and wiſht for night,
When he beheld twelve Suns for one
Going about the world, and giving light.

But ſince thoſe pipes of gold, which brought
That cordial water to our ground,
Were cut and martyr'd by the fault (wound,
Of thoſe, who did themſelves through their ſide

Thou ſhutt'ſt the door, and keep'ſt within;
Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink:
And if the braves of conqu'ring ſin
Did not excite thee, we ſhould wholly ſink.

Lord, though we change, thou art the ſame;
The ſame ſweet God of love and light:
Reſtore this day, for thy great Name,
Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

¶ Grace.

MY ſtock lies dead, and no increaſe
Doth my dull husbandry improve:
O let thy graces without ceaſe
Drop from above!

If ſtill the Sun ſhould hide his face,
Thy houſe would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works nights captives: O let grace
Drop from above!

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall;
And ſhall the dew out-ſtrip thy Dove?
The dew, for which graſs cannot call,
Drop from above.

Death is ſtill working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove:
Let grace work too, and on my ſoul
Drop from above.

Sin is ſtill hammering my heart
Unto a hardneſs, void of love:
Let ſuppling grace, to croſs his art,
Drop from above.

O come! for thou doſt know the way.
Or if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not ſay,
Drop from above.

¶ Praiſe.

TO write a verſe or two, is all the praiſe,
That I can raiſe:
Mend my eſtate in any wayes,
Thou ſhalt have more.

I go to Church; help me to wings, and I
Will thither fly;
Or, if I mount unto the ſky,
I will do more.

Man is all weakneſs; there is no ſuch thing
As Prince or King:
His arm is ſhort; yet with a ſling
He may do more.

An herb diſtill'd, and drunk, may dwell next door,
On the ſame floor,
To a brave ſoul: exalt the poor,
They can do more.

O raiſe me then! Poor Bees, that work all day,
Sting my delay,
Who have a work, as well as they,
And much, much more.

¶ Affliction.

Kill me not ev'ry day,
Thou Lord of life; ſince thy one death for me
Is more than all my deaths can be,
Though I in broken pay
Dy ov'r each hour of *Methuſalems* ſtay,

If all mens tears were let
Into one common ſewer, ſea, and brine;
What were they all, compar'd to thine?
Wherein if they were ſet,
They would diſcolour thy moſt bloody ſweat.

Thou art my grief alone,
Thou Lord conceal it not: and as thou art
All my delight, ſo all my ſmart:
Thy croſs took up in one,
By way of impreſt, all my future none.

¶ Mattens.

I Cannot ope mine eyes,
But thou art ready there to catch
My morning ſoul and ſacrifice:
Then we muſt needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious ſtone,
Or ſtar, or rainbow, or a part
Of all theſe things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,
That thou ſhouldſt it ſo eye and woo,
Pouring upon it all thy art,
As if that thou hadſt nothing elſe to do?

Indeed mans whole eſtate
Amounts (and richly) to ſerve thee:
He did not heav'n and earth create,
Yet ſtudies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy love to know,
That this new light which now I ſee,
May both the work and workman ſhow:
Then by a Sun-beam I will climbe to thee.

¶ Sin.

OH that I could a sin once see!
We paint the devil foul; yet he
Hath some good in him, all agree.
Sin is flat opposite to th' Almighty, seeing
It wants the good of *vertue*, and of *being*.

But God more care of us hath had:
If apparitions make us sad,
By sight of sin we should grow mad.
Yet as in sleep we see foul death, and live;
So devils are our sins in perspective.

¶ Even-song.

BLest be the God of love,
Who gave me eyes, and light, and power this day
Both to be busie, and to play.
But much more blest be God above,

Who gave me sight alone,
Which to himself he did deny:
For when he sees my wayes, I dye:
But I have got his Son, and he hath none.

What have I brought thee home
For this thy love? Have I discharg'd the debt,
Which this dayes favour did beget?
I ran; but all I brought, was some.

Thy dyet, care, and cost
Do end in bubbles, balls of wind,
Of wind to thee whom I have crost,
But balls of wild-fire to my troubled mind;

Yet ſtill thou goeſt on,
And now with darkneſs cloſeſt weary eyes,
Saying to man, *It doth ſuffice:*
Henceforth repoſe; your work is done.

Thus in thy Ebony box
Thou doſt incloſe us, till the day
Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheeles to our diſorder'd clocks.

I muſe which ſhows more love,
The day or night: that is the gale, this th' harbour;
That is the walk, and this the arbour;
Or that the garden, this the grove.

My God, thou art all love.
Not one poor minute ſcapes thy breſt,
But brings a favour from above:
And in this love, more then in bed, I reſt.

¶ Church-monuments.

WHile that my ſoul repairs to her devotion,
Here I intomb my fleſh, that it betimes
May take acquaintance of this heap of duſt;
To which the blaſt of deaths inceſſant motion,
Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
Drives all at laſt. Therefore I gladly truſt.

My body to this ſchool, that it may learn
To ſpell his elements, and find his birth
Written in duſty herauldry and lines:
Which diſſolution ſure doth beſt diſcern,
Comparing duſt with duſt, and earth with earth.
Theſe laugh at Jeat, and Marble put for ſignes,

To

To ſever the good fellowſhip of duſt,
And ſpoil the meeting. What ſhall point out them,
When they ſhall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
To kiſs thoſe heaps, which now they have in truſt?
Dear fleſh, while I do pray, learn here thy ſtemme
And true deſcent: that when thou ſhalt grow fat,

And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayſt know,
That fleſh is but the glaſs which holds the duſt
That meaſures all our time; which alſo ſhall
Be crumbled into duſt. Mark here below
How tame theſe aſhes are, how free from luſt,
That thou mayſt fit thy ſelf againſt thy fall.

¶ Church Muſick.

SWeeteſt of ſweets, I thank you: when diſpleaſure
Did through my body wound my mind,
You took me thence, and in your houſe of pleaſure
A dainty lodging me aſſign'd.

Now I in you without a body move,
Riſing and falling with your wings:
We both together ſweetly live and love,
Yet ſay ſometimes, *God help poor Kings.*

Comfort, I'le die; for if you poſt from me,
Sure I ſhall do ſo, and much more:
But if I travaile in your company,
You know the way to heavens door.

¶ Church-lock and key.

I Know it is my ſin, which locks thine ears,
And binds thy hands.
Out-crying my requeſts, drowning my tears;
Or elſe the chilneſs of my faint demands,

But as cold hands are angry with the fire,
And mend it ſtill;
So I do lay the want of my deſire,
Not on my ſins, or coldneſs, but thy will.

Yet hear, O God, only for his bloods ſake
Which pleads for me:
For though ſins plead too, yet like ſtones they make
His bloods ſweet current much more loud to be.

¶ The Church floor.

MArk you the floor? That ſquare & ſpeckled ſtone
Which looks ſo firm and ſtrong,
Is *Patience*.

And th' other black and grave, wherewith each one
Is checker'd all along,
Humility.

The gentle riſing, which on either hand
Leads to the Quire above,
Is *Confidence*.

But the ſweet cement, which in one ſure band
Ties the whole frame, is *Love*
And *Charity*.

Hither ſometimes ſin ſteals, and ſtains
The Marbles neat and curious veins:
But all is cleanſed when the Marble weeps.
Sometimes Death, puffing at the door,
Blows all the duſt about the floor:
But while he thinks to ſpoil the room, he ſweeps.
Bleſt be the *Architect*, whoſe art
Could build ſo ſtrong in a weak heart.

¶ The Windowes.

LOrd, how can man preach thy eternal word?
He is a brittle crazy glass:
Yet in thy Temple thou dost him afford
This glorious and transcendent place,
To be a window, through thy grace.

But when thou dost anneal in glass thy story,
Making thy life to shine within
The holy Preachers; then the light and glory
More rev'rend grows, and more doth win,
Which else shows watrish, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine, and life, colours, and light, in one
When they combine and mingle, bring
A strong regard and awe: but speech alone
Doth vanish like a flaring thing,
And in the ear, not conscience, ring.

¶ Trinity-Sunday.

LOrd, who hast form'd me out of mud,
And hast redeem'd me through thy blood,
And sanctifi'd me to do good;

Purge all my sins done heretofore:
For I confess my heavy score,
And I will strive to sin no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,
With faith, with hope, with charity;
That I may run, rise, rest with thee,

Con-

¶ Content.

PEace mutt'ring thoughts, and do not grudge to keep
Within the walls of your own breaſt.
Who cannot on his own bed ſweetly ſleep,
Can on anothers hardly reſt.

Gad not abroad at ev'ry queſt and call
Of an untrained hope of paſſion.
To court each place or fortune that doth fall,
Is wantonneſs in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie,
Content and warm't it ſelf alone:
But when it would appear to others eye,
Without a knock it never ſhone.

Give me the pliant mind, whoſe gentle meaſure
Complies and ſuits with all eſtates;
Which can let looſe to a crown, & yet with pleaſure
Take up within a cloiſters gates.

This ſoul doth ſpan the world, and hang content
From either pole unto the centre:
Where in each room of the well-furniſht tent
He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine-dayes wonder:
And after death the fumes that ſpring
From private bodies, make as big a thunder,
As thoſe which riſe from a huge King.

Only thy Chronicle is loſt: and yet
Better by worms be all once ſpent,
Then to have helliſh moths ſtill gnaw and fret
Thy name in books, which may not vent:

When

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou feel'st alone,
Are chaw'd by others pens and tongue,
And as their wit is, their digestion,
Thy nouriſht fame is weak or ſtrong.

Then ceaſe diſcourſing ſoul, till thine own ground,
Do not thy ſelf or friends importune.
He that by ſeeking hath himſelf once found,
Hath ever found a happy fortune.

¶ The Quidditie.

MY God, a verſe is not a crown,
No point of honour, or gay ſuit,
No hawk, or banquet, or renown,
Nor a good ſword, nor yet a lute:

It cannot vault, or dance or play;
It never was in *France* or *Spain*;
Nor can it entertain the day
With a great ſtable or demain.

It is no office, art or news;
Nor the exchange, or buſie Hall:
But it is that which while I uſe
I am with thee, and *Muſt take all.*

¶ Humilitie.

I Saw the Virtues ſitting hand in hand
In ſeveral ranks upon an azure throne,
Where all the beaſts and fouls by their command
Preſented tokens of ſubmiſſion.
Humility, who ſate the loweſt there
To execute their call,
When by the beaſts the preſents tendred were,
Gave them about to all.

The

The angry Lion did present his paw,
Which by consent was giv'n to Manſuetude:
The fearful Hare her ears, which by their Law
Humility did reach to Fortitude.
The jealous Turky brought his Coral-chain;
That went to Temperance:
On Juſtice was beſtow'd the Foxes brain,
Kill'd in the way by chance.

At length the Crow bringing the Peacocks plume,
(For he would not) as they beheld the grace
Of that brave gift, each one began to fume,
And challenge it as proper to his place,
Till they fell out: which when the beaſts eſpi'd,
They leapt upon the throne;
And if the Fox had liv'd to rule their ſide,
They had depos'd each one.

Humility, who held the plume, at this
Did weep ſo faſt, that the tears trickling down
Spoil'd all the train: then ſaying, *Here it is*
For which ye wrangle, made them turn their frown
Againſt the beaſts: ſo joyntly bandying,
They drive them ſoon away;
And then amerc'd them double gifts to bring
At the next Seſſion-day.

¶ Frailty.

LOrd, in my ſilence how do I deſpiſe
What upon truſt
Is ſtyled *honour*, *riches*, or *fair eyes*;
But is *fair duſt!*
I ſurname them *gilded clay*,
Dear earth, *fine graſs*, or *hay*;
In all, I think my foot doth ever tread
Upon their head.

But

But when I view abroad both Regiments,
The worlds, and thine;
Thine clad with simpleness, and sad events;
The other fine,
Full of glory and gay weeds,
Brave language, braver deeds:
That which was dust before, doth quickly rise,
And prick mine eyes.

O brook not this, least if what even now
My foot did tread,
Affront those joyes wherewith thou didst endow
And long since wed
My poor soul even sick of love,
It may a Babel prove,
Commodious to conquer heav'n and thee
Planted in me.

¶ Constancy.

WHo is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his Neighbour, and himself most true:
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easie, that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glitt'ring look it blind:
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who

Who when great trials come,
Nor seeks, nor shuns them; but doth calmly stay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh:
All being brought into a summe,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo
To use in any thing a trick or slight;
For above all things he abhors deceit:
His words and works and fashion too
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations: when the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run:
The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their vertue; Vertue is his Sun.

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allow for that and keeps his constant way:
Whom others faults do not defeat;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs byas, from his will
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend the ill.
This is the Mark-man, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prayes to be so still.

¶ Affliction.

MY heart did heave, and there came forth, *O God!*
By that I knew that thou was't in the grief,
To guide and govern it to my relief,
Making a scepter of the rod:
Hadst thou not had thy part,
Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart.

But

But since thy breath gave me both life and shape,
Thou know'st my tallies; and when there's assign'd
So much breath to a sigh, what's then behind?
Or if some years with it escape,
The sigh then only is
A gale to bring me sooner to my bliss.

Thy life on earth was grief, and thou art still
Constant unto it, making it to be
A point of honour, now to grieve in me,
And in thy members suffer ill.
They who lament one cross,
Thou dying dayly, praise thee to thy loss.

¶ The Star.

BRight spark, shot from a brighter place,
Where beams surround my Saviours face,
Canst thou be any where
So well as there?

Yet, if thou wilt from thence depart,
Take a bad lodging in my heart;
For thou canst make a debter;
And make it better.

First with thy fire-work burn to dust
Folly, and worse then folly, lust:
Then with thy light refine,
And make it shine.

So disingag'd from sin and sickness,
Touch it with thy celestial quickness,
That it may hang and move
After thy love.

Then

Then with our trinity of light
Motion, and heat, let's take our flight
Unto the place where thou
Before didst bow.

Get me a standing there, and place
Amongst the beams, which crown the face
Of him, who dy'd to part
Sin and my heart:

That so among the rest I may
Glitter, and curl, and wind as they:
That winding is their fashion
Of adoration.

Sure thou wilt joy, by gaining me
To fly home like a laden Bee
Unto that hive of beams
And garland-streams.

Sunday.

O Day most calm, most bright
The fruit of this, the next worlds bud,
Th' endorsement of supream delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time, cares balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light:
Thy Torch doth show the way,

The other dayes, and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The worky-dayes are the back part;
The burthen of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death: but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone,
The which he doth not fill.

Sundayes the pillars are,
On which heav'ns Palace arched lies:
The other dayes fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In Gods rich garden: that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundayes of mans life,
Threded together on times string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heavens gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful then hope.

This day my Saviour roſe,
And did incloſe this light for his:
That, as each beaſt his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miſs.
Chriſt hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for thoſe
Who want herbs for their wound.

The reſt of our Creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the ſame ſhake, which at his paſſion
Did th' earth and all things with it move.
As *Samſon* bore the doors away,
Chriſt's hands, though nail'd, wrought our ſalvation
And did unhinge that day.

The brightneſs of that day
We ſullied by our ſoul offence:
Wherefore that robe we caſt away,
Having a new at his expenſe,
Whoſe drops of blood paid the full price,
That was requir'd to make us gay,
And fit for Paradiſe.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-dayes trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from ſev'n to ſev'n,
Till that we both, being toſs'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heav'n!

¶ Avarice.

MOney, thou banc of bliſs and ſourſe of wo,
Whence com'ſt thou, that thou art ſo freſh & fine?
I know thy parentage is baſe and low:
Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

Surely thou didſt ſo little contribute
To this great kingdom, which thou now haſt got,
That he was fain, when thou wert deſtitute,
To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot:

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:
Nay, thou haſt got the face of man; for we
Have with our ſtamp & ſeal transfer'd our right:
Thou art the man, and man but droſs to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich:
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

Ana- { MARY / ARMY } *gram.*

HOw well her name an *Army* doth preſent,
In whom the *Lord of Hoſts* did pitch his Tent.

¶ To all Angels and Saints.

OH glorious ſpirits, who after all your bands
See the ſmooth face of God, without a frown
Or ſtrict commands;
Where ev'ry one is King, and hath his crown,
If not upon his head, yet in his hands:

Not out of envy or maliciousnes
Do I forbear to crave your special aid.
I would address
My vows to thee most gladly, blessed Maid,
And Mother of my God, in my distress.

Thou art the holy Mine, whence came the Gold,
The great restorative for all decay
In young and old;
Thou art the Cabinet where the Jewel lay:
Chiefly to thee would I my soul unfold:

But now (alas!) I dare not; for our King,
Whom we do all joyntly adore and praise,
Bids no such thing:
And where his pleasure no injunction layes,
(Tis your own case) ye never move a wing.

All worship is prerogative, and a flower
Of his rich crown, from whom lies no appeal
At the last hour:
Therefore we dare not from his Garland steal,
To make a posie for inferiour power.

Although then others court you, if ye know
What's done in earth, we shall not fare the worse
Who do not so;
Since we are ever ready to disburse,
If any one our Masters hand can show.

¶ Employment.

HE that is weary, let him sit.
My soul would stir
And trade in curtesies and wit,
Quitting the fur
To cold complexions needing it.

Man is no ſtar, but a quick coal
Of mortal fire:
Who blows it not, nor doth control
A faint deſire,
Lets his own aſhes choke his ſoul.

When th' elements did for place conteſt
With him, whoſe will
Ordain'd the higheſt to the beſt;
The earth ſat ſtill,
And by the others is oppreſt.

Life is a buſineſs, not good cheer;
Ever in wars.
The Sun ſtill ſhineth there or here,
Whereas the ſtars
Watch an advantage to appear.

O that I were an Orange-tree,
That buſie plant!
Then ſhould I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for him that dreſſed me.

But we are ſtill too young or old:
The man is gone,
Before we do our wares unfold:
So we freeze on,
Untill the grave encreaſe our cold.

¶ Denial.

When my devotions could not pierce
Thy ſilent ears:
Then was my heart broken, as was my verſe;
My breaſt was full of fears
And diſorder.

My

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
Did fly asunder:
Each took his way: some would to pleasures go,
Some to the wars and thunder
Of alarms.

As good go any where, they say,
As to benum
Both knees and heart, in crying night and day,
Come, come, my God, O come!
But no hearing.

O that thou shouldst give dust a tongue
To cry to thee,
And then not hear it crying! all day long
My heart was in my knee,
But no hearing.

Therefore my soul lay out of sight,
Untun'd, unstrung.
My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
Like a nipt blossome, hung
Discontented:

O chear and tune my heartless breast,
Defer no time;
That so thy favours granting my request,
They and my mind may chime,
And mend my rhyme.

¶ Christmas.

ALl after pleasures as I rid one day,
My horse and I, both tir'd, body and mind,
With full cry of affections, quite astray,
I took up in the next Inne I could find.

There when I came, whom found I but my dear,
My deareſt Lord, expecting till the grief
Of pleaſures brought me to him, ready there
To be all paſſengers moſt ſweet relief?

O Thou whoſe glorious yet contracted light,
wrapt in nights mantle, ſtole into a manger,
Since my dark ſoul and brutiſh is thy right,
To man of all beaſts be not thou a ſtranger.

Furniſh and deck my ſoul, that thou mayſt have
A better lodging then a rack or grave.

THe Shepherds ſing; and ſhall I ſilent be?
My God, no hymn for thee?
My ſoul's a ſhepherd too; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
The Paſture is thy Word; the ſtreams, thy grace
Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and flock ſhall ſing, and all my powers
Out-ſing the day-light hours.
Then we will chide the Sun for letting night
Take up his place and right:
We ſing one common Lord; wherefore he ſhould
Himſelf the candle hold.
I will go ſearching till I finde a *Sun*,
Shall ſtay till we have done;
A willing ſhiner, that ſhall ſhine as gladly,
As froſt-nipt Suns look ſadly.
Then we will ſing, and ſhine all our own day,
And one another pay;
His beams ſhall chear my breaſt, and both ſo twine,
Till ev'n his beams ſing, and my muſick ſhine.

¶ Ungratefulneſs.

LOrd, with what bounty, and rare clemency
Haſt thou redeem'd us from the grave!
If thou hadſt let us run,
Gladly had man ador'd the Sun,
And thought his god moſt brave;
Where now we ſhall be better gods than he.

Thou haſt but two rare Cabinets full of treaſure,
The *Trinity* and *Incarnation*;
Thou haſt unlockt them both,
And made them jewels to betroth
The work of thy creation
Unto thy ſelf in everlaſting pleaſure.

The ſtatelier Cabinet is the *Trinity*,
Whoſe ſparkling light acceſs denies:
Therefore thou doſt not ſhow
This fully to us, till death blow
The duſt into our eyes:
For by that powder thou wilt make us ſee.

But all thy ſweets are packt up in the other;
Thy mercies thither flock and flow:
That, as the firſt affrights,
This may allure us with delights;
Becauſe this box we know:
For we have all of us juſt ſuch another.

But man is cloſe, reſerv'd, and dark to thee:
When thou demandeſt but a heart,
He cavils inſtantly.
In his poor cabinet of bone
Sins have their box apart,
Defrauding thee, who gaveſt two for one.

¶ Sig

¶ Sighs and grones.

O Do not uſe me
After my ſins! Look not on my deſert,
But on thy glory! then thou wilt reform,
And not refuſe me: for thou onely art
The mighty God, but I a ſilly worm:
O do not bruiſe me!

O do not urge me!
For what account can thy ill ſtuard make?
I have abus'd thy ſtock, deſtroyd thy woods,
Suckt all thy magazens: my head did ake,
Till it found out how to conſume thy goods:
O do not ſcourge me!

O do not blind me!
I have deſerv'd that an Egyptian night
Should thicken all my powers; becauſe my luſt
Hath ſtill ſew'd fig-leaves to exclude thy light:
But I am frailty, and already duſt:
O do not grind me!

O do not fill me
With the turn'd vial of thy bitter wrath!
For thou haſt other veſſels full of bloud,
A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,
Ev'n unto death: ſince he di'd for my good,
O do not kill me!

But O reprieve me:
For thou haſt *Life* and *Death* at thy command;
Thou art both *Judg* and *Saviour*, *Feaſt* and *Rod*,
Cordial and *Corroſive*, put not thy hand
Into the bitter Box; but O my God,
My God, relieve me!

¶ The World.

LOve built a ſtately houſe; where *Fortune* came:
And ſpinning fanſies, ſhe was heard to ſay,
That her fine cobwebs did ſupport the frame,
Whereas they were ſupported by the ſame:
But *Wiſdome* quickly ſwept them all away.

Then *Pleaſure* came, who, liking not the faſhion,
Began to make *Balcones*, *Terraces*,
Till ſhe had weakned all by alteration:
But rev'rend *Laws*, and many a *Proclamation*
Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then entred *Sin*, and with that Sycomore,
Whoſe leaves firſt ſheltred man from drought & dew,
Working and winding ſlily evermore.
The inward walls and Sommers cleft and tore:
But *Grace* ſhor'd theſe, and cut that as it grew.

Then *Sin* combin'd with *Death* in a firm band
To raſe the building to the very floor:
Which they effected, none could them withſtand.
But *Love* and *Grace* took *Glory* by the hand,
And built a braver Palace than before.

Col.

Col. 3. 3.

Our life is hid with Christ in God.

MY words and thoughts do both expresse this notion,
That *LIFE* hath with the Sun a double motion.
The first *IS* straight, and our diurnal friend;
The other *HID*, and doth obliquely bend.
One life is wrapt *IN* flesh, and tends to earth:
The other winds towards *HIM*, whose happy birth
Taught me to live here so, *THAT* still one eye
Should aim and shoot at that which *IS* on high;
Quitting with daily labour all *MY* pleasure,
To gain at harvest an eternal *TREASURE*.

¶ Vanity.

THe fleet Astronomer can bore
And thred the spheres with his quick-piercing mind:
He views their stations, walks from door to door,
Surveys, as if he had design'd
To make a purchase there: he sees their dances,
And knoweth long before
Both their full-ey'd aspects, and secret glances.

The nimble Diver with his side
Cuts through the working waves, that he may fetch
His dearly-earned Pearl, which God did hide
On purpose from the ventrous wretch,
That he might save his life, and also hers,
Who with excessive pride
Her own destruction and his danger wears.

The subtil Chymick can devest
And strip the creature naked, till he finde
The callow principles within their nest:
There he imparts to them his minde,
Admitted to their bed-chamber, before
They appear trim and drest
To ordinary suitours at the door.

What hath not man sought out and found,
But his dear God? who yet his glorious Law
Emboſoms in us, mellowing the ground
With showres and frosts, with love and aw;
So that we need not say, Wher's this command?
Poor man! thou searchest round
To finde out *Death*, but missest *Life* at hand.

ℭ Lent.

WElcome dear feast of Lent: who loves not thee,
He loves not Temperance, or Authority,
But is compos'd of passion.
The Scriptures bid us *Fast*; the Church says, *Now*:
Give to thy Mother, what thou wouldst allow
To ev'ry Corporation.

The humble soul, compos'd of love and fear,
Begins at home, and lays the burden there,
When doctrines disagree.
He says, in things which use hath justly got,
I am a scandal to the Church, and not
The Church is so to me.

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
To use their temperance, seeking no evasion,
When good is seasonable;
Unless Authority, which should increase
The obligation in us, make it less,
And power it self disable.

Besides the cleanness of sweet abstinence,
Quick thoughts and motions at a small expence,
A face not fearing light:
Whereas in fulness there are slutrish fumes,
Sowre exhalations, and dishonest rheums,
Revenging the delight.

Then those same pendent profits, which the Spring
And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing,
And goodness of the deed.
Neither ought other mens abuse of Lent
Spoil the good use; lest by that Argument
We forfeit all our Creed.

It's true, we cannot reach Christ's fourtieth day;
Yet to go part of that religious way,
Is better than to rest:
We cannot reach our Saviours purity;
Yet are we bid, *Be holy ev'n as he.*
In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,
Is much more sure to meet with him, then one
That travelleth by-ways.
Perhaps my God, though he be far before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more
May strengthen my decays.

Yet Lord instruct us to improve our Fast
By starving sin, and taking such repast
As may our faults controll:
That ev'ry man may revel at his door,
Not in his Parlour; banqueting the poor,
And among those his soul.

¶ Virtue.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The Bridal of the Earth and Sky:
The Dew shall weep thy fall to night;
For thou must dy.

Sweet Rose whose hew, angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye:
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must dy.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and Roses,
A Box where sweets compacted ly;
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must dy.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd Timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

The Pearl. *Matth.* 13.

I Know the ways of Learning; both the head
And pipes that feed the preſs, and make it run;
What Reaſon hath from Nature borrowed,
Or of it ſelf, like a good huſwife, ſpun
In Laws and Policy; what the ſtars conſpire;
What willing Nature ſpeaks, what forc'd by fire;
Both th'old diſcoveries, and the new-found ſeas,
The ſtock and ſurplus, cauſe and hiſtory:
All theſe ſtand open, or I have the keys:
Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of Honour, what maintains
The quick returns of courteſie and wit:
In vies of favours whether party gains,
When glory ſwels the heart, and moldeth it
To all expreſſions both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a true-love-knot may tye,
And bear the bundle, wherſoe're it goes:
How many drams of ſpirit there muſt be
To ſell my life unto my friends or foes:
Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of Pleaſure, the ſweet ſtrains,
The lullings and the reliſhes of it;
The propoſitions of hot bloud and brains;
What mirth and muſick mean; what love and wit
Have done theſe twenty hundred years, and more:
I know the projects of unbridled ſtore:
My ſtuff is fleſh, not braſs; my ſenſes live,
And grumble oft, that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being but one to five:
Yet I love thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand:
Therefore not sealed, but with open eys
I fly to thee, and fully understand
Both the main sale, and the commodities;
And at what rate and price I have thy love;
With all the circumstances that may move:
Yet through these labyrinths, not my groveling wit,
But thy silk-twist let down from heav'n to me,
Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
To climb to thee.

¶ Affliction.

Broken in pieces all asunder,
Lord hunt me not,
A thing forgot,
Once a poor creature, now a wonder;
A wonder tortur'd in the space
Betwixt this world and that of grace.

My thoughts are all a case of knives,
Wounding my heart
With scatter'd smart,
As watring-pots give flow'rs their lives.
Nothing their fury can controll,
While they do wound and prick my soul.

All my attendants are at strife,
Quitting their place
Unto my face:
Nothing performs the task of life.
The elements are let loose to fight,
And while I live, try out their right.

Oh

Oh help, my God! let not their plot
Kill them and me,
And also thee,
Who art my life: dissolve the knot,
As the Sun scatters by his light
All the rebellions of the night.
Then shall those powers, which work for grief,
Enter thy pay,
And day by day
Labour thy praise and my relief;
With care and courage building me,
Till I reach heav'n, and much more thee.

¶ Man.

MY God, I heard this day,
That none doth build a stately habitation,
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, then is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is ev'ry thing,
And more: He is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is or should be more.
Reason and speech we onely bring.
Parrats may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetrie,
Full of proportions, one limbe to another,
And all to all the world besides:
Each part may call the farthest brother:
For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with Moons and Tydes.

Nothing

Nothing hath got so far,
But man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest star:
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Finde their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heav'n move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see, but means our good,
As our *delight*, or as our *treasure*:
The whole is either our cupboard of *food*,
Or cabinet of *pleasure*.

The stars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain, which the Sun withdraws:
Musick and light attend our head.
All things unto our *flesh* are kinde
In their *descent* and *being*; to our *minde*
In their *ascent* and *cause*.

Each thing is full of duty.
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguished our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat;
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty?
Then how are all things neat!

More servants wait on Man,
Than he'l take notice of: in ev'ry path
He treads down that which doth befriend him,
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
Oh mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since

Since then, my God, thou haſt
So brave a Palace built; O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at laſt!
Till then, afford us ſo much wit,
That as the world ſerves us, we may ſerve thee,
And both thy ſervants be.

¶ Antiphone.

Chor. PRaiſed be the God of love
Men. Here below,
Angels. And here above:
Chor. Who hath dealt his mercies ſo,
Ang. To his friend,
Men. And to his foe;
Chor. That both grace and glory tend
Ang. Us of old,
Men. And us in th' end.
Chor. The great Shepherd of the fold
Ang. Us did make,
Men. For us was ſold.
Chor. He our foes in pieces brake:
Ang. Him we touch;
Men. And him we take.
Chor. Wherefore ſince that he is ſuch,
Ang. We adore,
Men. And we do crouch.
Chor. Lord, thy praiſes ſhould be more.
Men. We have none,
Ang. And we no ſtore.
Chor. Praiſed be the God alone,
Who hath made of two folds one.

¶ Un-

¶Unkindneſſe.

LOrd make me coy and tender to offend:
In friendſhip, firſt I think, if that agree,
which I intend,
Unto my friends intent and end.
I would not uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

If any touch my friend, or his good name,
It is my honour and my love to free
His blaſted fame
From the leaſt ſpot or thought of blame.
I could not uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

My friend may ſpit upon my curious floore:
Would he have Gold? I lend it inſtantly;
But let the poore,
And thou within them ſtarve at doore.
I cannot uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth to a place,
I quit my intereſt, and leave it free;
But when thy grace
Sues for my heart, I thee diſplace;
Nor would I uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

Yet can a friend what thou haſt done fulfill?
O write in Braſs, *My God upon a tree*
His blood did ſpill,
Onely to purchaſe my good will:
Yet uſe I not my foes, as I uſe Thee.

¶ Life.

¶ Life.

I Made a poſie, while the day ran by:
Here will I ſmell my remnant out, and ty
My life within this band.
But Time did becken to the flowr's, and they
By noon moſt cunningly did ſteal away,
And wither'd in my hand

My hand was next to them, and then my heart:
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Times gentle admonition;
Who did ſo ſweetly deaths ſad taſte convey,
Making my minde to ſmell my fatal day,
Yet ſugring the ſuſpition.

Farewell dear flow'rs; ſweetly your time ye ſpent,
Fit, while ye liv'd, for ſmell or ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow ſtraight without complaints or grief,
Since, if my Scent be good, I care not, if
It be as ſhort as yours.

¶ Submiſſion.

BUt that thou art my wiſdom, Lord,
And both mine eyes are thine,
My minde would be extremely ſtirr'd
for miſſing my deſign.

Were it not better to beſtow
Some place and power on me?
Then ſhould thy praiſes with me grow,
And ſhare in my degree.

But

But when I thus dispute and grieve,
I do resume my sight,
And pilfring what I once did give,
Disseise thee of thy right.

How know I, if thou shouldst me raise,
That I should then raise thee?
Perhaps great places and thy praise,
Do not so well agree.

Wherefore unto my gift I stand;
I will no more advise:
Onely do thou lend me a hand,
Since thou hast both mine eyes.

¶ Justice.

I Cannot skill of these thy ways.
Lord, thou didst make me, yet thou woundest me
Lord, thou dost wound me yet thou dost relieve me:
Lord, thou relievest, yet I dy by thee:
Lord, thou dost kill me yet thou dost reprieve me.

But when I mark my life and praise,
Thy justice me most fitly pays:
For *I do praise thee, yet I praise thee not:*
My prayers mean thee, yet my prayers stray:
I would do well yet sin the hand hath got:
My soul doth love thee, yet it loves delay.
I cannot skill of these my ways.

¶ Charms and Knots.

WHo read a Chapter when they rise,
Shall ne're be troubled with ill eyes.

A poor mans rod, when thou doſt ride,
Is both a weapon and a guide.

Who ſhuts his hand hath loſt his Gold:
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to ev'ry day.

Who by aſperſions throw a ſtone
At th' head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eys,
Findes himſelf there, and ſeeks to riſe.

When th' hair is ſweet through pride or luſt,
The powder doth forget the duſt.

Take one from ten, and what remains?
Ten ſtill, if Sermons go for gains.

In ſhallow waters Heav'n doth ſhow:
But who drinks on, to Hell may go.

¶ Affliction.

MY God, I read this day,
That planted Paradiſe was not ſo firm,
As was and is thy floting Ark, who ſtay
And anchor thou art onely, to confirm
And ſtrengthen it in ev'ry age,
When waves do riſe, and tempeſts rage.

At firſt we liv'd in pleaſure;
Thine own delights thou didſt to us impart:
When we grew wanton, thou didſt uſe diſpleaſure
To make us thine: yet that we might not part,
As we at firſt did board with thee,
Now thou wouldſt taſte our miſery.

There

There is but joy and grief;
If either will convert us, we are thine:
Some Angels us'd the first; if our relief
Take up the second, then thy double line
And sev'ral baits in either kinde
Furnish thy table to thy minde.

Affliction then is ours;
We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more,
While blustring windes destroy the wanton bowers,
And ruffle all their curious knots and store.
My God so temper joy and wo,
That thy bright beams may tame thy bow.

¶ Mortification.

How soon doth man decay!
When cloaths are taken from a chest of sweets
To swaddle infants whose young breath
Scarce knows the way:
Those clouts are little winding sheets,
Which do consign and send them unto death.

When boys go first to bed,
They step into their voluntary graves;
Sleep bindes them fast; onely their breath
Makes them not dead:
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,
And calls for musick, while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In company;
That musick summons to the knell,
Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

When

When man grows ſtaid and wiſe,
Getting a houſe and home; where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes;
That dumb encloſure maketh love
Unto the coffin, that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
Marking his grave, and thawing ev'ry year,
Till all do melt, and drown his breath
When he would ſpeak;
A Chair or Litter ſhews the Beer,
Which ſhall convey him to the houſe of death.

Man, ere he is aware,
Hath put together a ſolemnity,
And dreſt his herſe, while he hath breath
As yet to ſpare.
Yet Lord, inſtruct us ſo to dy,
That all theſe dyings may be life in death.

¶ Decay.

Sweet were the days when thou didſt lodg with *Lot*,
Struggle with *Jacob*, ſit with *Gideon*.
Adviſe with *Abraham*, when thy power could not
Encounter *Moſes*'s ſtrong complaints and mone:
Thy words were then, *Let me alone*.

One might have ſought and found thee preſently
At ſome fair oak, or buſh, or cave, or well:
Is my God this way? No, they would reply:
He is to *Sinai* gone, as we heard tell:
Liſt, ye may hear great *Aaron*'s bell.

But

But now thou dost thy self immure and close
In some one corner of a feeble heart:
Where yet both Sin and Satan, thy old foes,
Do pinch and straiten thee, and use much art
To gain thy thirds and little part.

I see the world grows old, when as the heat
Of thy great love, once spread, as in an urn
Doth closet up it self, and still retreat,
Cold sin still forcing it, till it return,
And calling Justice, all things burn.

¶ Misery.

LOrd, let the Angels praise thy Name.
Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing;
Folly and Sin play all his game.
His house still burns; and yet he still doth sing,
Man is but grass,
He knows it, fill the glass.

How canst thou brook his foolishness?
Why, he'l not lose a cup of drink for thee:
Bid him but temper his excess;
Not he: he knows where he can better be,
As he will swear,
Then to serve thee in fear.

What strange pollutions doth he wed,
And make his own, as if none knew but he!
No man shall beat into his head,
That thou within his curtains drawn canst see:
They are of cloath,
Where never yet came moth.

The best of men, turn but thy hand
For one poor minute, stumble at a pin:
They would not have their actions scann'd,
Nor any sorrow tell them that they sin,
Though it be small,
And measure not their fall.

They quarrel thee and would give over
The bargain made to serve thee: but thy love
Holds them unto it, and doth cover
Their follies with the wing of thy mild Dove,
Not suff'ring those
Who would, to be thy foes

My God, Man cannot praise thy name.
Thou art all brightness, perfect purity:
The Sun holds down his head for shame,
Dead with eclipses, when we speak of thee.
How shall infection
Presume on thy perfection?

As dirty hands foul all they touch,
And those things most, which are most pure & fine:
So our clay-hearts, ev'n when we crouch
To sing thy praises, make them less divine.
Yet either this,
Or none thy portion is.

Man cannot serve thee; let him go
And serve the Swine: there, there is his delight:
He doth not like this Virtue, no;
Give him his dirt to wallow in all night:
These Preachers make
His head to shoot and ake.

Oh foolish man, where are thine eyes?
How hast thou lost them in a crowd of cares!
Thou pull'st the rug, and wilt not rise,
No, not to purchase the whole pack of stars:
There let them shine,
Thou must go sleep, or dine.

The bird that sees a dainty Bower
Made in the Tree where she was wont to sit,
Wonders and sings, but not his powe
Who made the Arbour: this exceeds her wit,
But man doth know
The Spring, whence all things flo

And yet, as though he knew it not,
His knowledg winks, and lets his humour reign:
They make his life a constant blot,
And all the bloud of God to run in vain.
Ah wretch! what verse
Can thy strange ways rehearse?

Indeed at first man was a Treasure,
A Box of Jewels, Shop of Rarities,
A Ring, whose Posie was, *My pleasur*
He was a Garden in a Paradise:
Glory and grace
Did crown his heart and face.

But sin hath fool'd him. Now he is
A lump of flesh without a foot or wing
To raise him to a glympse of bliss,
A sick toss'd vessel, dashing on each thing;
Nay, his own shelf,
My God, I mean my selfe.

¶ Jor

¶ Jordan.

WHen firſt my lines of heav'nly joys made mention,
Such was their luſtre, they did ſo excell,
That I ſought out quaint words and trim invention:
My thoughts began to burniſh, ſprout, and ſwell,
Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
Decking the ſenſe, as if it were to ſell.

Thouſands of notions in my brain did run,
Off'ring their ſervice if I were not ſped:
I often blotted what I had begun;
This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
Nothing could ſeem too rich to cloath the Sun,
Much leſs thoſe joyes which trample on his head.

As flames do work and wind, when they aſcend,
So did I weave my ſelf into the ſenſe.
But while I buſtled, I might hear a friend
Whiſper, *How wide is all this long pretenſe!*
There is in love a ſweetneſs ready penn'd:
Copy out onely that, and ſave expenſe.

¶ Prayer.

OF what an eaſie quick acceſs,
My bleſſed Lord, art thou! how ſuddenly
May our requeſts thy eare invade!
To ſhew that ſtate diſlikes not eaſineſs.
If I but lift mine eyes, my ſuit is made:
Thou canſt no more not hear, then thou canſt dy.

Of

Of what ſupreme Almighty power
Is thy great arm, which ſpans the Eaſt and Weſt,
And tacks the Centre to the Sphere!
By it do all things live their meaſur'd hour:
We cannot ask the thing which is not there,
Blaming the ſhallowneſs of our requeſt.

Of what unmeaſurable love
Art thou poſſeſt, who, when thou couldſt not dy,
Wert fain to take our fleſh and curſe,
And for our ſakes in perſon ſin reprove;
That by deſtroying that which ty'd thy purſe,
Thou mightſt make way for liberality!

Since then theſe three wait on thy throne,
Eaſe, *Power*, and *Love*; I value Prayer ſo,
That were I to leave all but one,
Wealth, fame, endowments, virtues, all ſhould go:
I and dear Prayer would together dwell,
And quickly gain for each inch loſt an ell.

¶ Obedience.

MY God, if writings may
Convey a Lordſhip any way
Whether the buyer and the ſeller pleaſe;
Let it not thee diſpleaſe,
If this poor paper do as much as they.

On it my heart doth bleed
As many lines as there doth need
To paſs it ſelf and all it hath to thee:
To which I do agree,
And here preſent it as my ſpecial deed.

If that hereafter Pleasure
Cavil, and claim her part and measure,
As if this passed with a reservation,
Or some such words in fashion;
I here exclude the wrangler from thy treasure.

O let thy sacred will.
All thy delight in me fulfil!
Let me not think an action mine own way,
But as thy love shall sway,
Resigning up the Rudder to thy skill.

Lord, what is man to thee,
That thou shouldst mind a rotten tree?
Yet since thou canst not choose but see my actions;
So great are thy perfections,
Thou mayest as well my actions guide, as see

Besides, thy death and blood
Show'd a strange love to all our good:
Thy sorrows were in earnest; no faint proffer,
Or superficial offer
Of what we might not take, or be withstood.

Wherefore I all forgo;
To one word onely I say, No.
Where in the deed there was an intimation
Or a *gift* or *donation*,
Lord, let it now by way of *purchase* go.

He that will pass his land,
As I have mine, may set his hand
And heart unto this deed, when he hath read;
And make the purchase spread
To both our goods, if he to it will stand.

How happy were my part,
If ſome kind man would thruſt his heart
Into theſe lines; till in heav'ns court of rolls
They were by winged ſouls
Entred for both, far above their deſert!

¶ Conſcience.

Peace pratler, do not lowre:
Not a fair look, but thou doſt call it foul:
Not a ſweet diſh, but thou doſt call it ſowre:
Muſick to thee doth howl.
By liſtning to thy chatting fears
I have both loſt mine eyes and ears.

Pratler, no more, I ſay:
My thoughts muſt work, but like a noiſeleſs ſphere.
Harmonious peace muſt rock them all the day:
No room for pratlers there.
If thou perſiſteſt, I will tell thee,
That I have phyſick to expel thee.

And the receit ſhall be
My Saviours blood: when ever at his board
I do but taſte it, ſtraight it cleanſeth me,
And leaves thee not a word,
No, not a tooth or nail to ſcratch,
And at my actions carp or catch.

Yet if thou talkeſt ſtill,
Beſides my phyſick, know ther's ſome for thee:
Some wood and nails to make a ſtaff or bill
For thoſe that trouble me:
The bloody croſs of my dear Lord
Is both my phyſick and my ſword.

¶ Sion.

LOrd, with what glory waſt thou ſerv'd of old,
When *Solomons* temple ſtood and flouriſhed!
Where moſt things were of pureſt gold:
The wood was all embelliſhed
With flowers and carvings, myſtical and rare:
All ſhow'd the builders, crav'd the ſeer's care.

Yet all this glory, all this pomp and ſtate
Did not affect thee much, was not thy aim,
Something there was that ſow'd debate:
Wherefore thou quitt'ſt thy ancient claim:
And now thy Architecture meets with ſin;
For all thy frame and fabrick is within.

There thou art ſtrugling with a peeviſh heart,
Which ſometimes croſſeth thee, thou ſometimes it:
The fight is hard, on either part.
Great God doth fight, he doth ſubmit.
All *Solomons* ſea of braſs and world of ſtone
Is not ſo dear to thee as one good grone.

And truly braſs and ſtones are heavy things,
Tombes for the dead, not temples fit for thee:
But groans are quick and full of wings,
And all their motions upward be;
And ever as they mount, like larks they ſing:
The note is ſad, yet muſick for a king.

¶ Home.

COme Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is ſick,
While thou doſt ever, ever ſtay:
Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,
My ſpirit gaſpeth night and day.
O ſhow thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

How happy were my part,
If some kind man would thrust his heart
Into these lines; till in heav'ns court of rolls
They were by winged souls
Entred for both, far above their desert!

¶ Conscience.

PEace pratler, do not lowre:
Not a fair look, but thou dost call it foul:
Not a sweet dish, but thou dost call it sowre:
Musick to thee doth howl.
By listning to thy chatting fears
I have both lost mine eyes and ears.

Pratler, no more, I say:
My thoughts must work, but like a noiseless sphere.
Harmonious peace must rock them all the day:
No room for pratlers there.
If thou persistest, I will tell thee,
That I have physick to expel thee.

And the receit shall be
My Saviours blood: when ever at his board
I do but taste it, straight it cleanseth me,
And leaves thee not a word,
No, not a tooth or nail to scratch,
And at my actions carp or catch.

Yet if thou talkest still,
Besides my physick, know ther's some for thee:
Some wood and nails to make a staff or bill
For those that trouble me:
The bloody cross of my dear Lord
Is both my physick and my sword.

¶ Sion.

LOrd, with what glory waſt thou ſerv'd of old,
When *Solomons* temple ſtood and flouriſhed!
Where moſt things were of pureſt gold:
The wood was all embelliſhed
With flowers and carvings, myſtical and rare:
All ſhow'd the builders, crav'd the ſeer's care.

Yet all this glory, all this pomp and ſtate
Did not affect thee much, was not thy aim,
Something there was that ſow'd debate:
Wherefore thou quitt'ſt thy ancient claim:
And now thy Architecture meets with ſin;
For all thy frame and fabrick is within.

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My ſpirit gaſpeth night and day.
O ſhow thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

How canſt thou ſtay, conſidering the pace
The blood did make, which thou didſt waſte:
When I behold it trickling down thy face,
I never ſaw thing make ſuch haſte.
O ſhow thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

When man was loſt, thy pity lookt about
To ſee what help in th' earth or ſkie:
But there was none; at leaſt no help without:
The help did in thy boſome lie.
O ſhow thy' &c.

There lay thy Son: and muſt he leave that neſt,
That hive of ſweetneſs, to remove
Thraldome from thoſe, who would not at a feaſt
Leave one poor apple for thy love?
O ſhow thy, &c.

He did, he came. O my Redeemer dear,
After all this canſt thou be ſtrange?
So many years baptiz'd, and not appear?
As if thy love could fail or change.
O ſhow thy, &c.

Yet if thou ſtayeſt ſtill, why muſt I ſtay?
My God, what is this world to me?
This world of woe? Hence all ye clouds, away,
Away: I muſt get up and ſee
O ſhow thy, &c.

What is this weary world, this meat and drink,
That chains us by the teeth ſo faſt?
What is this woman-kind, which I can wink
Into a blackneſs and diſtaſte?
O ſhow thy, &c.

With

With one ſmall ſigh thou gav'ſt me th'other day
I blaſted all the joyes about me:
And ſcouling on them as they pin'd away,
Now come again, ſaid I, and flout me.
O ſhow thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

Nothing but drought & dearth, but buſh and brake,
Which way ſoe're I look, I ſee.
Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
They dreſs themſelves and come to thee.
O ſhow thy, &c.

We talk of Harveſts; there are no ſuch things,
But when we leave our Corn and Hay:
There is no fruitful year, but that which brings
The laſt and lov'd, though dreadful day.
O ſhow thy, &c.

Oh looſe this frame, this knot of man untie!
That my free ſoul may uſe her wing,
Which is now pinion'd with mortalitie,
As an entangled hamper'd thing.
O ſhow thy, &c.

What have I left, that I ſhould ſtay and grone?
The moſt of me to heav'n is fled:
My thoughts and joyes are all packt up and gone,
And for their old acquaintance plead,
O ſhow thy, &c.

Come deareſt Lord, paſs not this holy ſeaſon,
My fleſh and bones and joynts do pray:
And ev'n my verſe, when by the rhyme and reaſon
The word is, *Stay*, ſayes ever, *Come*.
O ſhow thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

¶ The Brittish Church.

I Joy, dear Mother, when I view
Thy perfect lineaments, and hue
Both sweet and bright.

Beauty in thee takes up her place,
And dates her letters from thy face,
When she doth write.

A fine aspect in fit aray,
Neither too mean, nor yet too gay,
Shows who is best.

Outlandish looks may not compare:
For all they either painted are,
Or else undrest.

She on the hills, which wantonly
Allureth all in hope to be
By her preferr'd,

Hath kiss'd so long her painted shrines,
That ev'n her face by kissing shines,
For her reward.

She in the valley is so shie
Of dressing, that her hair doth lie
About her ears:

While she avoids her neighbours pride,
She wholly goes on th' other side,
And nothing wears.

But, dearest Mother, (what those misse)
The mean thy praise and glory is,
And long may be.

Blessed be God, whose love it was
To double-moat thee with his grace,
And none but thee.

The Quip.

THe merry world did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in ſport to jeer at me.

Firſt, Beauty crept into a Roſe;
Which when I pluckt not, Sir, ſaid ſhe,
Tell me, I pray, whoſe hands are thoſe?
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking ſtill,
What tune is this, poor man? Said he:
I heard in Muſick you had ſkill.
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
In ſilks that whiſtled, who but he?
He ſcarce allow'd me half an eye.
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Converſation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be ſhort, make an oration,
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of thy deſign
To anſwer theſe fine things ſhall come;
Speak not at large, ſay, I am thine,
And then they have their anſwer home.

¶ Vanity.

POor silly soul, whose hope and head lies low;
Whose flat delights on earth do creep and grow;
To whom the stars shine not so fair, as eyes;
Nor solid work, as false embroyderies:
Heark and beware, lest what you now do measure;
And write for sweet, prove a most sowre displeasure.

O hear betimes, lest thy relenting
May come too late!
To purchase heaven for repenting,
Is no hard rate.
If souls be made of earthly mold,
Let them love Gold;
If born on high,
Let them unto their kindred flie:
For they can never be at rest,
Till they regain their ancient nest.
Then silly soul take heed: for earthly joy
Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

¶ The Dawning.

AWake sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns,
Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth;
Unfold thy forehead gather'd into frowns;
Thy Saviour comes, and with him mirth:
Awake, awake;
And with a thankful heart his comforts take.
But thou dost still lament, and pine, and cry;
And feel his death, but not his victory.

Arise

Arise sad heart; if thou dost not withstand,
Christs resurrection thine may be:
Do not by hanging down break from the hand,
Which as it riseth raiseth thee:
Arise, arise:
And with his burial linen dry thine eyes. (grief
Christ left his grave-cloaths, that we might, when
Draws tears, or blood, not want an handkerchief.

¶ JESU.

JESU is in my heart, his sacred name
Is deeply carved there; but th' other week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
Ev'n all to pieces; which I went to seek:
And first I found the corner, where was J,
After, where E S, and next where U was graved.
When I had got these parcels, instantly
I sate me down to spell them, and perceived
That to my broken heart he was *I ease you*,
And to my whole is *JESU*.

¶ Business.

CAnst be idle? Canst thou play,
Foolish soul, who sinn'd to day?

Rivers run, and springs each one
Know their home, and get them gone:
Hast thou tears, or hast thou none?

If, poor soul, thou hast no tears,
Would thou hadst no faults or fears!
Who hath these, those ill forbears.

Winds still work: it is their plot,
Be the season cold, or hot:
Hast thou sighs, or hast thou not?

If thou hast no sighs or groans,
Would thou hadst no flesh and bones!
Lesser pains scape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
Foolish soul, who di'd for thee?

Who did leave his Fathers throne,
To assume thy flesh and bone?
Had he life, or had he none?

If he had not liv'd for thee,
Thou hadst di'd most wretchedly;
And two deaths had been thy fee.

He so far thy good did plot,
That his own self he forgot.
Did he die, or did he not?

If he had not di'd for thee,
Thou hadst liv'd in miserie;
Two lives worse then ten deaths be.

And hath any space of breath
'Twixt his sins and Saviours death?

He that loseth gold, though dross,
Tells to all he meets, his cross:
He that sins, hath he no loss?

He that finds a silver vein,
Thinks on it, and thinks again;
Brings thy Saviours death no gain?

Who in heart not ever kneels,
Neither sin nor Saviour feels.

¶ Dialogue.

SWeeteſt Saviour, if my ſoul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly then ſhould I controul
Any thought of waving.
But when all my care and pains
Cannot give the name of gains
To thy wretch ſo full of ſtains;
What delight or hope remains?

What (child) is the balance thine?
Thine the poize and meaſure?
If I ſay, thou ſhalt be mine,
Finger not my treaſure.
What the gains in having thee
Do amount to, onely he,
Who for man was ſold, can ſee,
That transferr'd th' accounts to me.

But as I can ſee no merit,
Leading to this favour.
So the way to fit me for it,
Is beyond my ſavour.
As the reaſon then is thine;
So the way is none of mine:
I diſclaim the whole deſign:
Sin diſclaims, and I reſign.

That is all, if that I could
Get without repining;
And my clay my creature would
Follow my reſigning:
That as I did freely part
With my glory and deſert,
Left all joyes to feel all ſmart—
Ah! no more: thou break'ſt my heart.

Dulneſs;

¶ Dulneſs.

WHy do I languiſh thus, drooping and dull,
As if I were all earth?
O give me quickneſs, that I may with mirth
Praiſe thee brim-full!

The wanton Lover in a curious ſtrain
Can praiſe his faireſt fair;
And with quaint metaphors her curled hair
Curle o're again.

Thou art my lovelineſs, my life, my light,
Beauty alone to me:
Thy bloody death and undeſerv'd, makes thee
Pure red and white.

When all perfections as but one appear,
That thoſe thy form doth ſhow,
The very duſt, where thou doſt tread and go,
Makes beauties here.

Where are my lines then? My approaches? Views?
Where are my window-ſongs?
Lovers are ſtill pretending, and ev'n wrongs
Sharpen their Muſe.

But I am loſt in fleſh, whoſe ſugred lies
Still mock me, and grow bold:
Sure thou didſt put a mind there, if I could
Find where it lies.

Lord, clear thy gift, that with a conſtant wit
I may but look towards thee:
Look only; for to *love* thee, who can be,
What Angel fit?

Love-

¶ Love-joy.

As on a window late I cast mine eye,
I saw a Vine drop Grapes with *J* and *C*
Anneal'd on every bunch. One standing by
Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loth
To spend my judgement) said, It seem'd to me
To be the body and the letters both
Of *Joy* and *Charity*. Sir, you have not miss'd,
The man repli'd: It figures *JESUS CHRIST*.

¶ Providence.

O Sacred Providence, who from end to end
Strongly and sweetly movest! shall I write,
And not of thee, through whom my fingers bend
To hold my quill? Shall they not do thee right?

Of all the Creatures both in Sea and Land
Only to man thou hast made known thy wayes,
And put the Pen alone into his hand,
And made him Secretary of thy praise.

Beasts fain would sing; birds ditty to their notes;
Trees would be tuning on their native Lute
To thy renown: but all their hands and throats
Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the worlds high-Priest: he doth present
The sacrifice for all; while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,
Such as springs use that fall, and winds that blow.

He that to praise and laud thee doth refrain,
Doth not refrain unto himself alone,
But robs a thousand who would praise thee fain;
And doth commit a world of sin in one.

The

The beasts say, Eat me: but, if beasts must teach,
The tongue is yours to eat, but mine to praise.
The trees say, Pull me: but the hand you stretch,
Is mine to write, as it is yours to raise.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present
For me and all my fellowes praise to thee:
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
While all things have their will, yet none but thine.

For either thy *command* or thy *permission*
Lay hands on all: they are thy *right* and *left*,
The first puts on with speed and expedition;
The other curbs sins stealing pace and theft.

Nothing escapes them both: all must appear,
And be dispos'd, and dress'd, and tun'd by thee,
Who sweetly temper'st all. If we could hear
Thy skill and art, what musick would it be!

Thou art in small things great, nor small in any:
Thy even praise can neither rise nor fall.
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many:
For thou art infinite in one, and all.

Tempests are calm to thee, they know thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children do their fathers,
Which cry and follow, Thou hast made poor sand
Check the proud sea, ev'n when it swells and gathers.

Thy cupboard serves the world: the meat is set,
Where all my reach: no beast but knows his feed:
Birds teach us hawking: fishes have their net:
The great prey on the less, they on some weed.

Nothing

Nothing ingendred doth prevent his meat;
Flies have their table ſpread, e're they appear.
Some creatures have in winter what to eat;
Others do ſleep, and envy not their cheer.

How finely doſt thou times and ſeaſons ſpin!
And make a twiſt checker'd with night and day?
Which as it lengthens, winds, and winds us in,
As clouds go on, but turning all the way.

Each creature hath a wiſdome for his good.
The pigeons feed their tender off-ſpring, crying,
When they are callow; but withdraw their food
Whē they are fledg, that need may teach thē flying.

Bees work for man; and yet they never bruiſe
Their maſters flow'r, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever, and as fit to uſe:
So both the flow'r doth ſtay, and honey run.

Sheep eat the graſs, and dung the ground for more:
Trees after bearing drop their leaves for ſoil:
Springs vent their ſtreams, and by expenſe get ſtore:
Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the vertue to expreſs the rare
And curious vertues both of herbs and ſtones?
Is there an herb for that? O that thy care
Would ſhow a root that gives expreſſions!

And if an herb hath power, what have the ſtars!
A roſe, beſides his beauty, is a cure.
Doublleſs our plagues and plenty, peace and wars
Are there much ſurer then our art is ſure.

Thou haſt hid metals: man may take them thence;
But at his peril: when he digs the place,
He makes a grave; as if the thing had ſenſe,
And threatned man, that he ſhould fill the ſpace.

Ev'n

Ev'n poysons praise thee. Should a thing be lost?
Should creatures want, for want of heed, their du
Since where are poysons, antidotes are most;
Thy help stands close, and keeps the fear in view.

The Sea, which seems to stop the traveller,
Is by a Ship the speedier passage made;
The Winds, who think they rule the Mariner,
Are rul'd by him, and taught to serve his trade.

And as thy house is full, so I adore
Thy curious art in marshalling thy goods.
The hills with health abound; the vales with store;
The South with marble; North with furs and wood.

Hard things are glorious; easie things good cheap.
The common all men have: that which is rare,
Men therefore seek to have, and care to keep.
The healthy frosts with summer fruits compare.

Light without wind is glass: warm without weigh
Is wool and furs: cool without closeness, shade;
Speed without pains, a horse: tall without height,
A servile hawk: low without loss, a spade.

All Countries have enough to serve their need:
If they seek fine things, thou dost make them run
For their offence; and then dost turn their speed
To be commerce and trade from sun to sun.

Nothing wears cloathes but man; nothing doth need
But he to wear them. Nothing useth fire,
But man alone, to shew his heav'nly breed:
And only he hath fewel in desire.

When th' earth was dry, thou mad'st a sea of wet:
Whē that lay gather'd, thou didst broch the mountains
When yet some places could no moisture get, (trains.
The winds grew gard'ners, and the clouds good foun-

Rain

Rain, do not hurt my flowers; but gently spend
Your honey drops: preſs not to smell them here:
When they are ripe, their odour will ascend,
And at your lodging with their thanks appear.

How harsh are thorns to pears! and yet they make
A better hedge, and need leſs reparation.
How smooth are silks compared with a stake,
Or with a stone! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes thou doſt divide thy gifts to man,
Sometimes unite. The Indian nut alone
Is cloathing, meat, and trencher, drink and can,
Boat, cable, sail, and needle, all in one.

Moſt herbs that grow in brooks, are hot and dry.
Cold fruits warm kernels help against the wind.
The limons juice and rind cure mutually.
The whey of milk doth loose, the milk doth bind.

Thy creatures leap not, but expreſs a feast,
Where all the guests sit close, and nothing wants.
Frogs marry fish and flesh; bats, bird, and beast;
Sponges, non-sense & sense; mines, th' earth & plants.

To show thou art not bound, as if thy lot
Were worse then ours, sometimes thou shifteſt hands.
Moſt things move th' under jaw; the Crocodile not.
Moſt things sleep lying; th' Elephant leans or stands.

But who hath praiſe enough? Nay, who hath any?
None can expreſs thy works but he that knows them
And none can know thy works, which are so many,
And so compleat, but only he that owes them.

All things that are, though they have several ways,
Yet in their being joyn with one advice
To honour thee: and so I give thee praiſe
In all my other hymns, but in this twice.

Each

Each thing that is, although in use and name
It go for one, hath many wayes in store
To honour thee: and so each hymn thy fame
Extolleth many wayes, yet this one more.

¶ Hope.

I Gave to Hope a watch of mine: but he
An anchor gave to me.
Then an old Prayer-book I did present:
And he an optick sent.
With that I gave a vial full of tears:
But he a few green ears.
Ah Loyterer! I'le no more, no more I'le bring:
I did expect a ring.

¶ Sins round.

SOrry I am, my God, sorry I am,
That my offences course it in a ring.
My thoughts are working like a busie flame,
Until their Cockatrice they hatch and bring:
And when they have once perfected their draughts,
My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts.

My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts,
Which spit it forth like the Sicilian hill.
They vent the wares, and pass them with their faults,
And by their breathing ventilate the ill.
But words suffice not, where are lewd intentions:
My hands do joyn to finish the inventions.

My hands do joyn to finish the inventions:
And so my sins ascend three stories high,
As Babel grew, before there were dissensions.
Yet ill deeds loyter not: for they supply
New thoughts of sinning: wherefore to my shame,
Sorry I am, my God, sorry I am.

Time.

¶ Time.

MEeting with Time, Slack thing, ſaid I,
Thy ſithe is dull, whet it for ſhame.
No marvel, Sir, he did reply,
If it at length deſerve ſome blame:
But where one man would have me grinde it,
Twenty for one too ſharp do finde it.

Perhaps ſome ſuch of old did paſs,
Who above all things lov'd this life;
To whom thy ſithe a hachet was,
Which now is but a pruning knife.
Chriſts coming hath made man thy debter,
Since by thy cutting he grows better.

And in his bleſſing thou art bleſt:
For where thou onely wert before
An executioner at beſt;
Thou art a gard'ner now, and more.
An uſher to convey our ſouls
Beyond the utmoſt ſtars and poles.

And this is that makes life ſo long,
While it detains us from our God.
Ev'n pleaſures here increaſe the wrong:
And length of dayes lengthen the rod.
Who wants the place where God doth dwell,
Partakes already half of hell.

Of what strange length muſt that needs be,
Which ev'n eternity excludes!
Thus far Time heard me patiently:
Then chafing ſaid, this man deludes:
What do I here before his door?
He doth not crave leſs time, but more.

Grace.

¶ Gratefulneſs.

THou that haſt giv'n ſo much to me,
Give one thing more, a grateful heart.
See how thy begger works on thee
By art.

He makes thy gifts occaſion more,
And ſayes, If he in this be croſt,
All thou haſt giv'n him heretofore
Is loſt.

But thou didſt reckon, when at firſt
Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,
What it would come to at the worſt
To ſave.

Perpetual knockings at thy door,
Tears ſullying thy tranſparent rooms,
Gift upon gift; much would have more,
And comes.

This notwithſtanding, thou wentſt on,
And didſt allow us all our noiſe:
Nay, thou haſt made a ſigh and grone
Thy joyes.

Not that thou haſt not ſtill above
Much better tunes then groans can make;
But that theſe country airs thy love
Did take.

Wherefore I cry, and cry again;
And in no quiet canſt thou be,
Till I a thankful heart obtain
Of thee:

Not thankful, when it pleaſeth me;
As if thy bleſſings had ſpare days:
But ſuch a heart, whoſe pulſe may be
Thy praiſe.

¶ Peace.

SWeet Peace, where doſt thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.
I ſought thee in a ſecret cave,
And aſk'd if Peace were there.
A hollow wind did ſeem to anſwer, No:
Go ſeek elſewhere.

I did; and going did a rainbow note;
Surely, thought I,
This is the Lace of Peaces Coat:
I will ſearch out the matter.
But while I lookt, the clouds immediately
Did break and ſcatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did ſpie
A gallant flower,
The crown Imperial: ſure, ſaid I,
Peace at the root muſt dwell.
But when I digg'd, I ſaw a worm devour
What ſhow'd ſo well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old man;
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began:
There was a Prince of old
At *Salem* dwelt, who liv'd with good encreaſe
Of Flock and Fold,

He

He ſweetly liv'd; yet ſweetneſs did not ſave
His life from foes.
But after death out of his grave
There ſprang twelve ſtalks of wheat:
Which many wondring at, got ſome of thoſe
To plant and ſet.

It proſper'd ſtrangely, and did ſoon diſperſe
Through all the earth:
For they that taſte it do rehearſe,
That vertue lies therein;
A ſecret vertue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of ſin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it: and that repoſe
And peace, which every where
With ſo much earneſtneſs you do purſue,
Is only there.

¶ Confeſſion.

O What a cunning gueſt
Is this ſame grief! within my heart I made
Cloſets, and in them many a cheſt;
And, like a maſter in my trade,
In thoſe cheſts, boxes; in each box, a till:
Yet grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No ſcrue, no piercer can
Into a piece of timber work and winde,
As Gods afflictions into man,
When he a torture hath deſign'd.
They are too ſubtil for the ſubtilleſt hearts;
And fall, like rheums, upon the tendreſt parts.

We are the earth; and they,
Like moles within us, heave, and cast about:
And till they foot and clurch their prey,
They never cool, much less give out.
No smith can make such locks, but they have keyes:
Closets are halls to them; and hearts, high-ways.

Only an open breast
Doth shut them out, so that they cannot enter;
Or, if they enter, cannot rest,
But quickly seek some new adventure.
Smooth open hearts no fastning have; but fiction
Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and sins,
Lord, I acknowledge: take thy plagues away:
For since confession pardon wins,
I challenge here the brightest day,
The clearest diamond: let them do their best,
They shall be thick and cloudy to my breast.

¶ Giddiness.

OH what a thing is man! how far from power,
From setled peace and rest!
He is some twenty sev'ral men at least
Each sev'ral hour.

One while he counts of heav'n, as of his treasure:
But then a thought creeps in,
And calls him coward, who for fear of sin
Will lose a pleasure.

Now

Now he will fight it out, and to the wars;
Now eat his bread in peace,
And ſnudge in quiet: now he ſcorns encreaſe;
Now all day ſpares.

He builds an houſe, which quickly down muſt go,
As if a whirle-wind blew
And cruſht the building: and its partly true,
His mind is ſo.

O what a ſight were Man, if his attires
Did alter with his mind;
And, like a Dolphins ſkin, his cloaths combin'd
With his deſires!

Surely if each one ſaw anothers heart,
There would be no commerce,
No ſale or bargain paſs; all would diſperſe,
And live apart.

Lord, mend, or rather make us; one creation
Will not ſuffice our turn:
Except thou make us dayly, we ſhall ſpurn
Our own ſalvation.

ℭ The bunch of Grapes.

JOy, I did lock thee up, but ſome bad man
Hath let thee out again:
And now, me thinks, I am where I began
Seven years ago; one vogue and vein,
One aire of thoughts uſurps my brain.
I did towards *Canaan* draw; but now I am
Brought back to the Red Sea, the Sea of ſhame.

For

For as the Jews of old by Gods command
Travel'd, and saw no town;
So now each Christian hath his journeys span'd:
Their story pens and sets us down.
A single deed is small renown.
Gods works are wide, and let in future times,
His ancient justice overflows our crimes.

Then have we too our guardian fires and clouds;
Our Scripture-dew drops fast:
We have our sands and serpents, tents and shrowds;
Alas! our murmurings come not last.
But wher's the cluster? wher's the taste
Of mine inheritance? Lord, if I must borrow,
Let me as well take up their joy as sorrow.

But can he want the Grape, who hath the Wine?
I have their fruit and more.
Blessed be God, who prosper'd *Noah*'s Vine,
And made it bring forth Grapes good store.
But much more him I must adore,
Who of the Laws sour juyce sweet wine did make,
Ev'n God himself, being pressed for my sake.

¶ Love unknown.

DEar friend, sit down, the tale is long and sad:
And in my faintings I presume your love
Will more comply then help. A Lord I had,
And have, of whom som grounds which may improve
I hold for two lives, and both lives in me.
To him I brought a dish of fruit one day,
And in the middle plac'd my heart. But he
(I sigh to say)

Lookt on a servant, who did know his eye
Better then you know me, or (which is one)
Then I my self. The servant instantly
Quitting the fruit, seiz'd on my heart alone,
And threw it in a Font, wherein did fall
A stream of blood, which issu'd from the side
Of a great rock: I well remember all,
And have good cause: there it was dipt and di'd,
And washt and wrung: the very wringing yet
Enforceth tears. *Your heart was foul, I fear.*
Indeed 'tis true. I did and do commit
Many a fault more then my lease will bear;
Yet still askt pardon, and was not deni'd.
But you shall hear. After my heart was well,
And clean and fair, as I one even-tide
(I sigh to tell)
Walkt by my self abroad, I saw a large
And spacious furnace flaming, and thereon
A boyling caldron, round about whose verge
Was in great letters set *AFFLICTION.*
The greatness shew'd the owner. So I went
To fetch a sacrifice out of my fold,
Thinking with that which I did thus present,
To warm his love, which I did fear grew cold.
But as my heart did tender it, the man
Who was to take it from me, slipt his hand,
And threw my heart into the scalding pan;
My heart that brought it (do you understand?)
The offerers heart. *Your heart was hard I fear.*
Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter
Began to spread and to expatiate there:
But with a richer drug then scalding water
I bath'd it often, ev'n with holy blood,
Which at a board, while many drunk bare Wine,
A friend did steal into my cup for good,
Ev'n taken inwardly, and most Divine

To ſupple hardneſſes. But at the length
Out of the caldron getting, ſoon I fled
Unto my houſe; where to repair the ſtrength
Which I had loſt, I haſted to my bed.
But when I thought to ſleep out all theſe faults,
(I ſigh to ſpeak)
I found that ſome had ſtuff'd the bed with thoughts,
I would ſay *thorns*, Dear, could my heart not break,
When with my pleaſures ev'n my reſt was gone?
Full well I underſtood who had been there:
For I had giv'n the key to none but one:
It muſt be he. *Your heart was dull I fear.*
Indeed a ſlack and ſleepy ſtate of mind
Did oft poſſeſſe me; ſo that when I pray'd,
Though my lips went, my heart did ſtay behinde.
But all my ſcores were by another paid,
Who took the debt upon him. *Truely, Friend,*
For ought I hear your Maſter ſhews to you
More favour then you wot of. Mark the end.
The Font did only what was old renew:
The Caldron ſupplied what was grown too hard
The Thorns did quicken what was grown too dull.
All did but ſtrive to mend what you had marr'd.
Wherefore be cheer'd, and praiſe him to the full
Each day each hour, each moment of the week,
Who fain would have you be new, tender, quick.

¶ Mans medly.

HEark how the birds do ſing,
And woods do ring.
All creatures have their joy: and man hath his.
Yet, if we rightly meaſure,
Mans joy and pleaſure
Rather hereafter, then in preſent, is.

To this life things of ſenſe
Make their pretenſe:
In th'other Angels have a right by birth:
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one,
With th'one hand touching heaven, with th'other (earth.

In ſoul he mounts and flies,
In fleſh he dies.
He wears a ſtuff, whoſe thred is courſe and round,
But trim'd with curious lace,
And ſhould take place
After the trimming, not the ſtuff and ground.

Not that he may not here
Taſte of the cheer:
But as birds drink, and ſtraight lift up their head,
So muſt he ſip and think
Of better drink,
He may attain to after he is dead.

But as his joys are double
So is his trouble.
He hath two winters, other things but one:
Both froſts and thoughts do nip,
And bite his lip;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet even the greateſt griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right, and in their ways.
Happy is he, whoſe heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praiſe.

¶ The

¶ The Storm.

IF as the Winds and Waters here below
Do flie and flow,
My ſighs and tears as buſie were above,
Sure they would move
And much affect thee, as tempeſtuous times
Amaze poor mortals, and object their crimes.

Stars have their ſtorms, ev'n in a high degree,
As well as we,
A throbbing conſcience ſpurred by remorſe
Hath a ſtrange force:
It quits the earth, and mounting more and more,
Dares to aſſault thee, and beſiege thy dore.

There it ſtands knocking, to thy muſicks wrong,
And drowns the ſong.
Glory and honour are ſet by till it
An anſwer get.
Poets have wrong'd poor ſtorms, ſuch days are beſt:
They purge the air without, within the breaſt.

¶ Paradiſe.

I Bleſſe thee, Lord, becauſe I *G R O W*
Among thy trees, which in a *R O W*
To thee both fruit and order *O W.*

What open force, or hidden *C H A R M*
Can blaſt my fruit, or bring me *H A R M,*
While the incloſure is thine *A R M?*

Incloſe me ſtill for fear I S T A R T.
Be to me rather ſharp and T A R T,
Then let me want thy hand and A R T.

When thou doſt greater judgments S P A R E,
And with thy Knife but prune and P A R E,
Ev'n fruitfull trees more fruitfull A R E.

Such ſharpneſs ſhowes the ſweeteſt F R E N D:
Such cuttings rather heal then R E N D:
And ſuch beginnings touch their E N D.

¶ The Method.

POor heart, lament.
For ſince thy God refuſeth ſtill,
There is ſome rub, ſome diſcontent,
Which cools his will.

Thy Father *could*
Quickly effect what thou doſt move;
For he is *Power*: and ſure he *would*;
For he is *Love*.

Go ſearch this thing,
Tumble thy breſt, and turn thy book.
If thou hadſt loſt a glove or ring,
Wouldſt thou not look?

What do I ſee
Written above there? *Yeſterday*
I did behave me careleſly,
When I did pray.

And

And should Gods ear
To such indifferents chained be,
Who do not their own motions hear?
Is God less free?

But stay! what's there?
Late when I would have something done,
I had a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.

And should Gods ear,
Which needs not man, be ty'd to those
Who hear nor him, but quickly hear
His utter foes?

Then once more pray:
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice.
Seek pardon first, and God will say,
Glad heart rejoyce.

¶ Divinity.

As men, for fear the stars should sleep and nod,
And trip at night, have spheres suppli'd;
As if a star were duller then a clod,
Which knows his way without a guide:
Just so the other heav'n they also serve,
Divinities transcendent sky:
Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve.
Reason triumphs, and Faith lies by.
Could not that wisdom which first broch'd the wine,
Have thicken'd it with definitions?
And jagg'd his seamless coat, had that been fine,
With curious questions and divisions?

But all the doctrine which he taught and gave,
Was clear as heav'n, from whence it came:
At leaſt thoſe beams of truth, which only ſave,
Surpaſſe in brightneſſe any flame.

Love God, and love your neighbour. Watch and pray.
Do as you would be done unto.
O dark inſtructions, even as dark as day?
Who can theſe Gordian knots undo?

But he doth bid us take his blood for wine,
Bid what he pleaſe; yet I am ſure,
To take and taſte what he doth there deſigne,
Is all that ſaves, and not obſcure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, fooliſh man;
Break all thy Spheres, and ſave thy head,
Faith needs no ſtaff of fleſh, but ſtoutly can
To heav'n alone both go and lead.

Epheſ. 4. 30.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit, &c.

AND art thou grieved, ſweet and ſacred Dove,
When I am ſour,
And croſſe thy love?
Grieved for me? the God of ſtrength and power
Griev'd for a worm, which when I tread,
I paſſe away and leave it dead.

Then

Then weep mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve:
Weep foolish heart,
And weeping live:
For death is drie as dust. Yet if ye part,
End as the night (whose sable hue
Your sins express) melt into dew.

When sawcy mirth shall knock or call at dore,
Cry out, Get hence,
Or cry no more.
Almighty God doth grieve he puts on sense:
I sin not to my grief alone,
But to my Gods too; he doth grone:

Oh take thy Lute, and tune it to a strain,
Which may with thee
All day complain.
There can no discord but in ceasing be.
Marbles can weep; and surely strings
More bowels have then such hard things.

Lord, I adjudge my self to tears and grief,
Ev'n endless tears
Without relief.
If a clear spring for me no time forbears,
But runs, although I be not dry,
I am no Crystall, what shall I?

Yet if I wail not still, since still to wail
Nature denies;
And flesh would fail,
If my deserts were Masters of mine eyes:
Lord, pardon, for thy Son makes good
My want of tears with store of blood.

¶ The Family.

WHat doth this noise of thoughts within my heart
As if they had a part?
what do these loud complaints and pulling fears,
As if there were no rule or ears?

But, Lord, the house and family are thine,
Though some of them repine.
Turn out these wranglers, which defile thy seat:
For where thou dwellest all is neat.

First Peace and Silence all disputes control,
Then Order playes the soul;
And giving all things their set forms and hours,
Makes of wild woods sweet walks and bowers.

Humble obedience neer the door doth stand,
Expecting a command:
Then whom in waiting nothing seems more slow,
Nothing more quick when she doth go.

Joyes oft are there, and griefs as oft as joyes;
But griefs without a noise:
Yet speak they louder then distemper'd fears.
What is so shrill as silent tears?

This is thy house, with these it doth abound:
And where these are not found.
Perhaps thou com'st sometimes, and for a day;
But not to make a constant stay.

¶ The Size.

Content thee, greedy heart.
Modeſt and moderate joyes to thoſe that have
Title to more hereafter when they part,
Are paſſing brave.
Let th'upper ſprings into the low
Deſcend and fall, and thou doſt flow.

What though ſome have a fraught
Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinamon ſail?
If thou haſt wherewithall to ſpice a draught,
When griefs prevail,
And for the future time art heir
To th'Ile of ſpices, is't not fair?

To be in both worlds full
Is more then God was, who was hungry here.
Wouldſt thou his laws of faſting diſanull?
Enact good cheer?
Lay out thy joy, yet hope to ſave it?
Wouldſt thou both eat thy cake and have it?

Great joyes are all at once;
But little do reſerve themſelves for more:
Thoſe have their hopes; theſe what they have renounce,
And live on ſcore:
Thoſe are at home; theſe journey ſtill,
And meet the reſt on Sions hill.

Thy Saviour ſentenc'd joy,
And in the fleſh condemn'd it as unfit,
At leaſt in lump: for ſuch doth oft deſtroy;
Whereas a bit
Doth tice us on to hopes of more,
And for the preſent health reſtore.

A Christians State and case
Is not a corpulent, but a thin and spare,
Yet active strength: whose long and bony face
Content and care
Do seem to equally divide,
Like a pretender, not a bride.

Wherefore sit down, good heart;
Grasp not at much for fear thou loosest all.
If comforts fell according to desert,
They would great frosts and snows destroy:
For we should count, Since the last joy.

Then close again the seam
Which thou hast open'd: do not spread thy robe
In hope of great things. Call to mind thy dream,
An earthly Globe,
On whose Meridian was ingraven,
These Seas are tears, and Heav'n the Haven.

¶ Artillery.

AS I one evening sate before my Cell,
Methoughts a star did shoot into my lap.
I rose and shook my cloaths, as knowing well,
That from small fires comes oft no small mis-hap:
When suddenly I heard one say,
Do as thou usest, disobey,
Expell good motions from thy breast,
Which have the face of fire, but end in rest.

I, who had heard of muſick in the Spheres,
But not of ſpeech in ſtars, began to muſe:
But turning to my God, whoſe Miniſters
The ſtars and all things are; If I refuſe,
Dread Lord, ſaid I, ſo oft my good;
Then I refuſe not ev'n with blood
To waſh away my ſtubborn thought:
For I will do, or ſuffer what I ought.

But I have alſo ſtars and ſhooters too,
Born where thy ſervants both Artilleries uſe.
My tears and prayers night and day do woo,
And work up to thee, yet thou do'ſt refuſe.
Not but I am (I muſt ſay ſtill)
Much more oblig'd to do thy will,
Then thou to grant mine; but becauſe
Thy promiſe now hath ev'n ſet thee thy laws.

Then we are ſhooters both, and thou do'ſt deign
To enter Combat with us, and conteſt
With thine own clay. But I would parley fain:
Shun not my Arrows, and behold my breaſt.
Yet if thou ſhunneſt, I am thine:
I muſt be ſo, if I am mine:
There is no articling with thee,
I am but finite, yet thine infinitely.

Church-

¶ Church-rents and Schisms.

BRave rose, (alas!) where art thou? in the chair
Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine,
A worm doth sit, whose many feet and hair
Are the more foul, the more thou wert divine.
This, this hath done it, this did bite the root
And bottom of the leaves: which when the wind
Did once perceive, it blew them under foot,
Where rude unhallow'd steps do crush and grind
Their beauteous glories. Only shreds of thee,
And those all bitten in thy chair I see.

Why doth my Mother blush? is she the rose,
And showes it so? Indeed Christs precious blood
Gave you a colour once; which when your foes
Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,
And made you look much fresher then before.
But when debates and fretting jealousies
Did worm and work within you more and more,
Your colour faded, and calamities
Turned your ruddy into pale and bleak:
Your health and beauty both began to break.

Then did your several parts unloose and start:
Which when your neighbours saw, like a north-wind
They rushed in, and cast them in the dirt
Where Pagans tread. O Mother dear and kind,
Where shall I get me eyes enow to weep,
As many eyes as stars? Since it is night,
And much of Asia and Europe fast asleep,
And even all Africk; would at least I might
With these two poor ones lick up all the dew
Which falls by night, and pour it out for you!

Justice.

¶ Justice.

O Dreadful Justice, what a fright and terror
Wast thou of old,
When sin and error
Did shew and shape thy looks to me,
And through their glass discolour thee!
He that did but look up, was proud and bold.
The dishes of thy balance seem'd to gape,
Like two great pits;
The beam and scape
Did like some tott'ring engine show:
Thy hand above did burn and glow,
Danting the stoutest hearts, the proudest wits.
But now that Christs pure vail presents the sight,
I see no fears:
Thy hand is white,
Thy scales like buckets, which attend
And interchangably descend,
Lifting to heaven from this well of tears.
For where before thou still didst call on me,
Now I still touch
And harp on thee,
Gods promises have made thee mine:
Why should I justice now decline?
Against me there is none, but for me much.

¶ The Pilgrimage.

I Travel'd on, seeing the hill, where lay
My expectation.
A long it was and weary way.
The gloomy cave of Desperation
I left on th'one, and on the other side
The rock of Pride. And

And so I came to Phansies Meadow strow'd
With many a flower:
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quicken'd by my hour.
So to cares cops I came, and there got through
With much ado.

That led me to the wild of Passion, which
Some call the wold;
A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
Here I was rob'd of all my gold,
Save one good Angel, which a friend had ti'd
Close to my side.

At length I got unto the gladsom hill,
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart; and climbing still,
When I had gaind the brow and top,
A lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that abash'd and struck with many a sting
Of swarming fears,
I fell, and cri'd, alas my King!
Can both the way and end be tears?
Yet taking heart, I rose, and then perceiv'd
I was deceiv'd.

My hill was further: so I flung away,
Yet heard a cry
Just as I went, *None goes that way*
And lives: If that be all, said I,
After so foul a journey death is fair,
And but a chair.

¶ The Hold-Fast.

I Threatned to observe the strict decree
Of my dear God with all my power and might:
but I was told by one it could not be;
Yet I might trust in God to be my light.

Then will I trust, said I, in him alone.
Nay, ev'n to trust in him, was also his:
We must confess that nothing is our own.
Then I confess that he my succour is.

But to have naught, is ours, not to confess
That we have nought. I stood amaz'd at this,
Much troubled, till I heard a friend express,
That all things were more ours by being his.
What *Adam* had, and forfeited for all,
Christ keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

¶ Complaining.

DO not beguile my heart,
Because thou art
My power and wisdom. Put me not to shame,
Because I am
Thy clay that weeps, thy dust that calls.
Thou art the Lord of glory;
The deed and story
Are both thy due; but I a silly flie,
That live or die
According as the weather falls.
Art thou all justice, Lord?
Shows nor thy word
More Attributes? Am I all throat or eye,
To weep or crie?
Have I no parts but those of grief?

Let

Let not thy wrathfull power
Affict my hour,
My inch of life: or let thy gracious power
Contract my hour,
That I may climb and find relief.

¶ The Discharge.

Busie enquiring heart, what wouldst thou know?
Why dost thou prie,
And turn, and leer, and with a licorous eye
Look high and low,
And in thy lookings stretch and grow?
Hast thou not made thy counts, and summ'd up all?
Did not thy heart
Give up the whole, and with the whole depart?
Let what will fall:
That which is past who can recall?
Thy life is Gods, thy time to come is gone,
And is his right.
He is thy night at noon: he is at night
Thy noon alone.
The crop is his, for he hath sown.
And well it was for thee, when this befell,
That God did make
Thy businesse his, and in thy life partake:
For thou canst tell,
If it be his once, all is well.
Onely the present is thy part and fee.
And happy thou,
If, though thou didst not beat thy future brow,
Thou couldst well see
What present things requir'd of thee.

They ask enough; why ſhouldſt thou further go?
Raiſe not the mud
Of future depths, but drink the cleer and good.
Dig not for wo
In times to come; for it will grow.

Man and the preſent fit: if he provide,
He breaks the ſquare.
This hour is mine: if for the next I care,
I grow too wide,
And do encroach upon deaths ſide:

For death each hour environs and ſurrounds.
He that would know
And care for future chances, cannot go
Unto thoſe grounds,
But through a Church-yard which them bounds.

Things preſent ſhrink and die: but they that ſpend
Their thoughts and ſenſe
On future grief, do not remove it thence,
But it extend,
And draw the bottome out an end.

God chains the dog till night: wilt looſe the chain,
And wake thy ſorrow?
Wilt thou foreſtall it, and now grieve to morrow,
And then again
Grieve over freſhly all thy pain?

Either grief will not come; or if it muſt,
Do not forecaſt:
And while it cometh, it is almoſt paſt.
Away diſtruſt:
My God hath promis'd; He is juſt.

Praiſe.

¶ Praise.

KIng of Glory, King of Peace,
I will love thee:
And that love may never ceaſe,
I will move thee.

Thou haſt granted my requeſt,
Thou haſt heard me:
Thou did'ſt note my working breaſt,
Thou haſt ſpar'd me.

Wherefore with thy utmoſt art
I will ſing thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.

Though my ſins againſt me cri'd,
Thou didſt clear me,
And alone, when they repli'd,
Thou didſt hear me.

Sev'n whole days, not one in ſeven,
I will praiſe thee.
In my heart, though not in heav'n,
I can raiſe thee.

Thou grew'ſt ſoft and moiſt with tears,
Thou relentedſt:
And when Juſtice call'd for fears,
Thou diſſentedſt.

Small it is, in this poor ſort
To enroll thee:
Ev'n eternity is too ſhort
To extoll thee.

¶ An Offering.

COme bring thy gift. If blessings were as slow
As mens returns, what would become of fools?
What hast thou there? a heart? but is it pure:
Search well and see; for hearts have many holes.
Yet one pure heart is nothing to bestow:
In Christs two natures met to be thy cure.

O that within us hearts had propagation,
Since many gifts do challenge many hearts!
Yet one, if good, may title to a number;
And single things grow fruitfull by deserts.
In publick judgments one may be a nation,
And fence a Plague, while others sleep and slumber.

But all I fear, is lest thy heart displease,
As neither good, nor one: so oft divisions
Thy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone;
Thy passions also have their set partitions.
These parcel out thy heart: recover these,
And thou mayst offer many gifts in one.

There is a Balsom, or indeed a blood, (close
Dropping from heaven, which doth both cleanse and
All sorts of wounds; of such strange force it is.
Seek out this All-heal, and seek no repose,
Untill thou find and use it to thy good:
Then bring thy gift, and let thy hymn be this:

SInce my sadnesse
Into gladnesse
Lord thou dost convert,
O accept
What thou hast kept,
As thy due desert.

Had

Had I many,
Had I any,
(For this heart is none)
All were thine
And none of mine;
Surely thine alone.

Yet thy favour
May give favour
To this poor oblation:
And it raise
To be thy praise,
And be my salvation.

¶ Longing.

With sick and famisht eyes,
With doubling knees and weary bones,
To thee my cries,
To thee my groans,
To thee my sighs, my tears ascend:
No end?

My throat, my soul is hoarse;
My heart is witherd' like a ground
Which thou dost curse.
My thoughts turn round,
And make me giddy: Lord, I fall,
Yet call.

From thee all pity flows.
Mothers are kind, because thou art,
And dost dispose
To them a part:
Their infants them, and they suck thee
More free.

Bowels of pity, hear!
Lord of my soul, love of my mind,
Bow down thine ear!
Let not the wind
Scatter my words, and in the same
Thy name!

Look on my sorrows round!
Mark well my furnace! O what flames,
What heats abound!
What griefs, what shames!
Consider Lord; Lord, bow thine ear,
And hear!

Lord Jesu, thou didst bow
Thy dying head upon the tree:
O be not now
More dead to me!
Lord hear; *Shall he that made the ear,*
Not hear?

Behold thy dust doth stir;
It moves, it creeps, it aims at thee:
Wilt thou defer
To succour me,
Thy pile of dust wherein each crumb
Sayes, Come!

To thee help appertains.
Hast thou left all things to their course,
And laid the reins
Upon the horse?
Is all lockt? hath a sinners plea
No key?

Indeed

Indeed the World's thy book,
Where all things have their leaf assign'd:
Yet a meek look
Hath interlin'd.
Thy board is full, yet humble guests
Find nests.

Thou tarriest, while I die.
And fall to nothing: thou do'st reign.
And rule on high,
While I remain
In bitter grief: yet I am still'd
Thy child.

Lord, didst thou leave thy Throne,
Not to relieve? how can it be,
That thou art grown
Thus hard to me?
Were sin alive, good cause there were
To bear.

But now both sin is dead,
And all thy promises live and bide:
That wants his head;
These speak and chide,
And in thy bosom pour my tears,
As theirs.

Lord JESU, hear my heart,
Which hath been broken now so long,
That ev'ry part
Hath got a tongue!
Thy beggers grow; rid them away
To day.

My love, my ſweetneſs, hear!
By theſe thy feet, at which my heart
Lies all the year,
Pluck out thy dart,
And heal my troubled breſt, which cries,
Which dies.

¶ The Bag.

AWay deſpair; my gracious Lord doth hear,
Though winds and waves aſſault my keel,
He doth preſerve it: he doth ſteer,
Ev'n when the boat ſeems moſt to reel.
Storms are the triumph of his art:
Well may he cloſe his eyes, but not his heart.

Haſt thou not heard that my Lord JESUS di'd?
Then let me tell thee a ſtrange ſtorie.
The God of power, as he did ride
In his majeſtick robes of glorie,
Reſolv'd to light: and ſo one day
He did deſcend, undreſſing all the way.

The Stars his tire of light and rings obtain'd,
The cloud his bow, the fire his ſpear,
The ſkie his azure mantle gain'd.
And when they aſkt what he would wear;
He ſmil'd and ſaid as he did go,
He had new cloaths a making here below.

When he was come, as travellers are wont,
He did repair unto an Inne.
Both then and after, many a brunt
He did endure to cancel ſin:
And having giv'n the reſt before,
Here he gave up his life to pay our ſcore.

But as he was returning, there came one
That ran upon him with a spear.
He, who came hither all alone,
Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,
Receiv'd the blow upon his side,
And straight he turn'd, and to his brethren cry'd,

If ye have any thing to send or write,
(I have no bag, but here is room)
Unto my Fathers hands and sight
(Believe me) it shall safely come.
That I shall mind, what you impart;
Look, you may put it very near my heart.

Or if hereafter any of my friends
Will use me in this kind, the door
Shall still be open; what he sends
I will present, and somewhat more,
Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
Any thing to me. Heark despair, away.

¶ The Jews.

Poor nation, whose sweet sap and juice
Our eyens have purloin'd, and left you drie:
Whose streams we got by the Apostles sluce,
And use in Baptisme, while ye pine and die:
Who by not keeping once, became a debter;
And now by keeping lose the letter:

Oh that my prayers! mine alas!
Oh that some Angel might a trumpet sound;
At which the Church falling upon her face
Should cry so loud, until the trump were drown'd,
And by that cry of her dear Lord obtain,
That your sweet sap might come again!

¶ The Collar.

I Struck the board, and cry'd, no more;
I will abroad.
What? Shall I ever figh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loofe as the wind, as large as ſtore.
Shall I be ſtill in ſuit?
Have I no harveſt but a thorn
To let me blood, and not reſtore
What I have loſt with Cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my ſighs did drie it: there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only loſt to me?
Have I no bayes to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay! all blaſted?
All waſted?
Not ſo, my heart: but there is fruit,
And thou haſt hands.
Recover all thy ſight-blown age
On double pleaſures: leave thy cold diſpute
Of what is *fit*, *and not*: forſake thy cage,
Thy rope of ſands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy Law,
Whileſt thou didſt wink and wouldſt not ſee.
Away; take heed.
I will abroad.
Call in thy deaths head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To ſuit and ſerve his need,
Deſerves his load.
But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methoughts I heard one calling *Child*:
And I repli'd, *My Lord*.

The

¶ The Glimpse.

WHither away delight?
Thou cam'st but now; wilt thou so soon depart,
And give me up to night?
For many weeks of lingring pain and smart
But one half hour of comfort for my heart?

Methinks delight should have
More skill in musick, and keep better time.
Wert thou a wind or wave,
They quickly go and come with lesser crime:
Flow'rs look about; and die not in their prime.

Thy short abode and stay
Feeds not, but addes to the desire of meat.
Lime begg'd of old (they say)
A neighbour spring to cool his inward heat;
Which by the springs access grew much more great

In hope of thee my heart
Pickt here and there a crumb, and would not die,
But constant to his part,
When as my fears foretold this, did reply,
A slender thred a gentle guest will tie.

Yet if the heart that wept
Must let thee go, return when it doth knock,
Although thy heap be kept
For future times, the droppings of the stock
May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to spin,
The wheel shall go, so that thy stay be short.
Thou knowst how grief and sin
Disturb the work. O make me not their sport,
Who by thy coming may be made a Court!

¶ Assurance.

O Spiteful bitter thought!
Bitterly spiteful thought! couldst thou invent
So high a torture? Is such poyson bought?
Doubtless, but in the way of punishment,
When wit contrives to meet with thee,
No such rank poyson can there be.

Thou said'st but even now,
That all was not so fair as I conceiv'd,
Betwixt my God and me; that I allow
And coyn large hopes: but that I was deceiv'd;
Either the League was broke, or near it;
And, that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this? What more
Could poyson, if it had a tongue, express?
What is thy aim? Wouldst thou unlock the door
To cold despairs and gnawing pensiveness?
Wouldst thou raise Devils? I see, I know,
I writ thy purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord,
If all the hope and comfort that I gather,
Were from my self, I had not half a word,
Not half a letter to oppose
What is objected by my foes.

But thou art my desert;
And in this League, which now my foes invade,
Thou art not only to perform thy part,
But also mine; as when the League was made,
Thou didst at once thy self endite,
And hold my hand, while I did write.

Wherefore if thou canſt fail,
Then can thy truth and I: but while rocks ſtand,
And rivers ſtir, thou canſt not ſhrink or quail:
Yea, when both rocks and all things ſhall disband,
Then ſhalt thou be my rock and tower,
And make their ruine praiſe thy power.

Now fooliſh thought go on,
Spin out thy thred, and make thereof a coat
To hide thy ſhame: for thou haſt caſt a bone
Which bounds on thee, & will not down thy throat.
What for its ſelf love once began,
Now love and truth will end in man.

¶ The Call.

COme, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way, as gives us breath:
Such a Truth, as ends all ſtrife:
Such a Life as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feaſt, my ſtrength:
Such a Light, as ſhows a feaſt:
Such a Feaſt, as mends in length:
Such a Strength, as makes his gueſt.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part,
Such a Heart, as joyes in love.

Claſping

¶ Clasping of hands.

LOrd thou art mine, and I am thine,
If mine I am: and thine much more,
Then I or ought, or can be mine.
Yet to be thine, doth me restore;
So that again I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more:
Since this being mine, brings with it thine,
And thou with me dost thee restore.
If I without thee would be mine,
I neither should be mine nor thine.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine:
So mine thou art, that something more
I may presume thee mine then thine.
For thou didst suffer to restore
Not thee, but me, and to be mine:
And with advantage mine the more,
Since thou in death wast none of thine,
Yet then as mine didst me restore.
O be mine still! still make me thine:
Or rather make no Thine and Mine.

¶ Praise.

LOrd, I will mean and speak thy praise,
Thy praise alone.
My busie heart shall spin it all my dayes:
And when it stops for want of store,
Then will I wring it with a sigh or groan,
That thou mayst yet have more.

When thou dost favour any action,
It runs, it flies:
All things concur to give it a perfection.
That which had but two legs before.
When thou dost bless, hath twelve: one wheel doth rise
To twenty then, or more.

But when thou dost on business blow,
It hangs, it clogs:
Not all the teams of Albion in a row
Can hale or draw it out of door.
Legs are but stumps, and Pharaohs wheels but logs,
And strugling hinders more.

Thousands of things do thee imploy
In ruling all
The spacious Globe: Angels must have their joy,
Divels their rod, the sea his shore,
The winds their stint, and yet when I did call,
Thou heardst my call, and more.

I have not lost one single tear:
But when mine eyes
Did weep to heav'n, they found a bottle there
(As we have boxes for the poor)
Ready to take them in, yet of a size
That would contain much more.

But after thou hadst slipt a drop
From thy right eye,
(Which there did hang like streamers near the top
Of some fair Church, to show the sore
And bloody battel which thou once did trie)
The glass was full and more.

Wherefore

Wherefore I ſing. Yet ſince my heart,
Though preſs'd, runs thin;
O that I might ſome other hearts convert,
And ſo take up at uſe good ſtore;
That to thy cheſts there might be coming in
Both all my praiſe, and more!

¶ Joſephs Coat.

WOunded I ſing, tormented I endite,
Thrown down I fall into a bed, and reſt:
Sorrow hath chang'd its note: ſuch is his will,
Who changeth all things as him pleaſeth beſt.
For well he knows, if but one grief and ſmart
Among my many had his full career,
Sure it would carry with it ev'n my heart,
And both would run until they found a beer
To fetch the body; both being due to grief.
But he hath ſpoild the race, and giv'n to anguiſh
One of Joyes coats, ticing it with relief
To linger in me, and together languiſh.
I live to ſhew his power, who once did bring
My *joyes* to *weep*, and now my *griefs* to *ſing*.

¶ The Pulley.

WHen God at firſt made Man,
Having a glaſs of bleſſings ſtanding by;
Let us (ſaid he) pour on him all we can:
Let the worlds riches, which diſperſed lie,
Contract into a ſpan.

So ſtrength firſt made away;
Then beauty flow'd, then wiſdome, honour, pleaſure.
When almoſt all was out, God made a ſtay,
Perceiving that alone of all his treaſure
Reſt in the bottom lay.

For if I ſhould (ſaid he)
Beſtow this Jewel alſo on my creature,
He would adore my gifts in ſtead of me,
And reſt in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both ſhould loſers be.

Yet let him keep the reſt,
But keep them with repining reſtleſneſs:
Let him be rich and weary, that at leaſt,
If goodneſs lead him not, yet wearineſs
May toſs him to my breſt.

¶ The Prieſthood.

BLeſt Order, which in power doſt ſo excel,
That which th' one hand thou liftſt to the ſkie,
And with the other throweſt down to hell
In thy juſt cenſures; fain would I draw nigh,
Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay ſword
For that of th' holy word

But thou art fire, ſacred and hallow'd fire;
And I but earth and clay: ſhould I preſume
To wear thy habit, the ſevere attire
My ſlender compoſitions might conſume
I am both ſoul and brittle, much unfit
To deal in holy Writ.

Yet

Yet have I often seen, by cunning hand
And force of fire, what curious things are made
Of wretched earth. Where once I scorn'd to stand,
That earth is fitted by the fire and trade
Of skilful Artists, for the boards of those
Who make the bravest shows.

But since those great ones, be they ne're so great,
Come from the earth, from whence those vessels come;
So that at once both feeder, dish, and meat
Have one beginning and one final summe:
I do not greatly wonder at the sight,
If earth in earth delight.

But th' holy men of God such vessels are
As serve him up, who all the world commands:
When God vouchsafeth to become our fare,
Their hands convey him, who conveys their hands;
O what pure things, most pure must those things be
Who bring my God to me.

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand
To hold the Ark, although it seem to shake
Through th' old sins and new doctrines of our land.
Onely, since God doth often vessels make
Of lowly matter for high uses meet,
I throw me at his feet.

There will I lie, until my Maker seek
For some mean stuff whereon to show his skill:
Then is my time. The distance of the meek
Doth flatter power. Lest good come short of ill
In praising might, the poor do by submission
What pride by opposition.

The

¶ The Search.

WHither, O whither art thou fled,
My Lord, my Love?
My ſearches are my dayly bread;
Yet never prove.

My knees pierce th' earth, mine eyes the ſkie:
And yet the ſphere
And center both to me deny
That thou art there.

Yet can I mark how herbs below
Grow green and gay;
As if to meet thee they did know,
While I decay.

Yet can I mark how ſtars above
Simper and ſhine,
As having keys unto thy love,
While poor I pine.

I ſent a ſigh to ſeek thee out,
Deep drawn in pain,
Wing'd like an arrow: but my ſcout
Returns in vain.

I tun'd another (having ſtore)
Into a groan,
Becauſe the ſearch was dumb before:
But all was one.

Lord, doſt thou ſome new fabrick mold,
Which favour wins,
And keeps thee preſent, leaving th' old
Unto their ſins?

Where

Where is my God? What hidden place
Conceals thee ſtill?
What covert dare eclipſe thy face?
Is it thy will?

O let not that of any thing:
Let rather braſs,
Or ſteel, or mountains be thy ring,
And I will paſs

Thy will ſuch an intrenching is,
As paſſeth thought:
To it all ſtrength, all ſubtilties
Are things of nought.

Thy will ſuch a ſtrange diſtance is,
As that to it
Eaſt and weſt touch, the poles do kiſs,
And parallels meet.

Since then my grief muſt be as large,
As is thy ſpace,
Thy diſtance from me; ſee my charge,
Lord, ſee my caſe.

O take theſe bars, theſe lengths away;
Turn, and reſtore me:
Be not Almighty, let me ſay,
Againſt, but *for me*.

When thou doſt turn, and wilt be near;
What edge ſo keen,
What point ſo piercing can appear
To come between?

For as thy abſence doth excel
All diſtance known:
So doth thy nearneſs bear the bell,
Making two one.

¶ Grief.

O Who will give me tears? Come all ye springs,
Dwell in my head and eyes: come clouds and rain:
My grief hath need of all the watry things,
That nature hath produc'd. Let every vein
Suck up a river to supply mine eyes,
My weary weeping eyes too dry for me,
Unless they get new conduits, new supplies
To bear them out, and with my state agree.
What are two shallow foords, two little spouts
Of a less world? The greater is but small,
A narrow cupbord for my griefs and doubts,
Which want provision in the midst of all.
Verses, ye are too fine a thing, too wise
For my rough sorrows: cease, be dumb and mute,
Give up your feet and running to mine eyes,
And keep your measures for some lovers lute,
Whose grief allows him musick and a rhyme:
For mine excludes both measure, tune, and time.
Alas, my God!

¶ The Cross.

WHat is this strange and uncouth thing
To make me sigh, and seek, and faint and die,
Until I had some place, where I might sing,
And serve thee; and not only I,
But all my wealth and family might combine
To set thy honour up, as our design.

And then when after much delay,
Much wrestling, many a combate, this dear end,
So much desir'd, is giv'n, to take away
My power to serve thee; to unbend
All my abilities, my designs confound,
And lay my threatnings bleeding on the ground.

One Ague dwelleth in my bones,
Another in my soul (the memory
What I would do for thee, if once my groans
Could be allow'd for harmony)
I am in all a weak disabled thing,
Save in the sight thereof, where strength doth sting.

Besides, things sort not to my will,
Ev'n when my will doth study thy renown:
Thou turnest th' edge of all things on me still,
Taking me up to throw me down:
So that, ev'n when my hopes seem to be sped,
I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be
Farther from it then when I bent my bow;
To make my hopes my torture, and the fee
Of all my woes another woe,
Is in the midst of delicates to need,
And ev'n in Paradise to be a weed.

Ah my dear Father, ease my smart!
These contrarieties crush me: these crosse actions
Do wind a rope about, and cut my heart:
And yet since these thy contradictions
Are properly a crosse felt by thy Son,
With but four words, my words, *Thy will be done.*

The

¶ The Flower.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! ev'n as the flow'rs in spring;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone
Quite under ground, as flow'rs depart
To see their Mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickning, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an hour;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.
We say amiss,
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flow'r can wither!
Many a Spring I shoot up fair,
Offring at heav'n, growing and groaning thither:
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-shower,
My sins and I joyning together.

But

But while I grow in a straight line.
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What frost to that? What pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When thou do'st turn,
And the least frown of thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write,
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing. O my only light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom thy tempests fell all night

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flow'rs that glide:
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store.
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

¶ Dotage.

FAlse glozing pleasures, casks of happiness,
Foolish night-fires, womens and childrens wishes,
Chases in Arras, gilded emptiness,
Shadowes well mounted, dreams in a career,
Embroider'd lyes, nothing between two dishes;
These are the pleasures here.

True earnest sorrows, rooted miseries,
Anguish in grain, vexations ripe and blown,
Sure-footed griefs, solid calamities,
Plain demonstrations, evident and clear,
Fetching their proofs ev'n from the very bone;
These are the sorrows here.

But

But Oh the folly of distracted men,
Who griefs in earnest, joyes in jest pursue;
Preferring, like brute beasts, a loathsome den
Before a court, ev'n that above so clear,
Where are no sorrows, but delights more true
Then miseries are here!

¶ The Son.

LEt forraign Nations of their language boast,
What fine variety each tongue affords:
I like our language, as our men and coast:
Who cannot dress it well, want wit, not words.
How neatly do we give one only name
To Parents issue and the Suns bright Star!
A Son is light and fruit: a fruitful flame
Chasing the Fathers dimness, carri'd far
From the first man in th' East, to fresh and new
Western discov'ries of posterity.
So in one word our Lords humility
We turn upon him in a sense most true:
For what Christ once in humbleness began,
We him in glory call, *The Son of Man.*

¶ A true Hymn.

MY joy, my life, my crown!
My heart was meaning all the day,
Somewhat it fain would say:
And still it runneth mutt'ring up and down
With only this, *My joy, my life, my crown!*

Yet ſlight not theſe few words:
If truly ſaid, they may take part
Among the beſt in art.
The fineneſs which a Hymn or Pſalm affords,
Is, when the ſoul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the mind,
And all the ſoul, and ſtrength, and time,
If the words only rhyme,
Juſtly complains, that ſomewhat is behind
To make his Verſe, or write a Hymn in kind.

Whereas if th' heart be moved,
Although the verſe be ſomewhat ſcant,
God doth ſupply the want:
As when th' heart ſayes (ſighing to be approved)
O, could I love! and ſtops; God writeth, *Loved.*

¶ The Anſwer.

MY comforts drop and melt away like ſnow:
I ſhake my head, and all the thoughts & ends
Which my fierce youth did bandy, fall and flow
Like leaves about me, or like ſummer friends,
Flies of eſtates and ſun-ſhine. But to all,
Who think me eager, hot and undertaking,
But in my proſecutions ſlack and ſmall;
As a young exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his firſt bed of dirt, and means the ſkie;
But cooling by the way, grows purſie and ſlow,
And ſetling to a cloud, doth live and die
In that dark ſtate of tears: to all, that ſo
Show me, and ſet me, I have one reply,
Which they that know the reſt, know more then I,

A Dialogue-Antheme.

Christian. *Death.*

Chr. ALas, poor Death! where is thy glory?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting?

Dea. *Alas, poor mortal, void of storie!*
Go spell and read how I have kill'd thy King.

Chr. Poor death! and who was hurt hereby?
Thy curse being laid on him, makes thee accurst.

Dea. *Let loosers talk: yet thou shalt die:* (word
These arms shall crush thee. *Ch.* Spare not, do't
I shall be one day better then before:
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

ℭ Thy Water-course.

THou who dost dwell and linger here below,
Since the condition of this world is frail,
Where of all plants afflictions soonest grow;
If troubles overtake thee, do not wail:

For who can look for less, that loveth { Life? / Strife?

But rather turn the pipe and waters course
To serve thy sins, and furnish thee with store
Of sov'reign tears, springing from true remorse;
That so in pureness thou mayst him adore,

Who gives to man, as he sees fit, { Salvation. / Damnation.

¶ Self-condemnation.

THou who condemneſt Jewiſh hate,
In chooſing *Barabbas* a murderer
Before the Lord of glory;
Look back upon thine own eſtate,
All home thine eye (that buſie wanderer)
That choice may be thy ſtory.

He that doth love, and love amiſs
This worlds delights before true Chriſtian joy,
Hath made a Jewiſh choice:
The world an ancient murderer is;
Thouſands of ſouls it hath and doth deſtroy
With her enchanting voice.

He that hath made a ſorry wedding
Between his ſoul and gold, and hath preferr'd
Falſe gain before the true,
Hath done what he condemns in reading:
For he hath ſold for money his dear Lord,
And is a Judas-Jew.

Thus we prevent the laſt great day,
And judge our ſelves. That light which ſin & paſſion
Did before dim and choak,
When once thoſe ſnuffs are ta'n away,
Shines bright and clear, ev'n unto condemnation,
Without excuſe or cloak.

¶ Bitter-ſweet.

H my dear angry Lord!
Since thou doſt love, yet ſtrike;
aſt down, yet help afford;
are I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise;
I will bewail, approve:
And all my sower-sweet days
I will lament, and love.

¶ The Glance.

When first thy sweet and gracious eye
Vouchsaf'd ev'n in the midst of youth and night
To look upon me, who before did lie
Weltring in sin:
I felt a sugred strange delight,
Passing all Cordials made by any art,
Bedew, embalm, and overrun my heart,
And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm
My soul hath felt, ev'n able to destroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
His swing and sway:
But still thy sweet original joy
Sprung from thine eye, did work within my soul,
And surging griefs, when they grew bold, control,
And got the day.

If thy first glance so powerful bee,
A mirth but open'd, and seal'd up again;
What wonders shall we feel, when we shall see
Thy full-ey'd love!
When thou shalt look us out of pain,
And one aspect of thine spend in delight
More then a thousand suns disburse in light
In heav'n above!

¶ The 23. Psalm.

THe God of love my shepherd is
And he that doth me feed.
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the streams that gently pass:
In both I have the best.

Or if I stray, he doth convert
And bring my mind in frame:
And all this not for my desert,
But for his holy name.

Yea, in deaths shady black abode
Well may I walk, not fear:
For thou art with me; and thy rod
To guide, thy staff to bear.

Nay, thou dost make me sit and dine,
Ev'n in my enemies sight:
My head with oyle, my cup with wine
Runs over day and night.

Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my dayes:
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

Mary

Mary Magdalen.

When blessed Mary wip'd her Saviours feet,
(Whose precepts she had trampled on before)
And wore them for a Jewel on her head:
Shewing his steps should be the street,
Wherein she thenceforth evermore
With pensive humbleness would live and tread:

She being stain'd her self, why did she strive
To make him clean, who could not be defil'd?
Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,
And not his feet? Though we could dive
In tears like Seas, our sins are pil'd
Deeper then they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Dear soul, she knew who did vouchsafe and deign
To bear her filth; and that her sins did dash
Ev'n God himself: wherefore she was not loth,
As she had brought wherewith to stain,
So to bring in wherewith to wash:
And yet in washing one, she washed both.

ℭ Aaron.

Holiness on the head,
Light and perfections on the brest,
Harmonious bells below, raising the dead
To lead them unto life and rest;
Thus are true *Aarons* drest.

Profaneness in my head,
Defects and darkness in my brest:
A noise of passions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no rest:
Poor Priest thus am I drest!

Only

Onely another head
I have, another heart and breaſt,
Another muſick, making live, not dead,
Without whom I could have no reſt:
In him I am well dreſt.

Chriſt is my onely head,
My alone onely heart and breaſt,
My onely muſick, ſtriking me ev'n dead:
That to the old man I may reſt,
And be in him new dreſt.

So holy in my head,
Perfect and light in my dear breaſt,
My doctrine tun'd by Chriſt, (who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do reſt)
Come people; Aaron's dreſt.

¶ The Odour. 2 *Cor.* 2.

HOw ſweetly doth *My Maſter* ſound *My Maſter?*
As Amber-griſe leaves a rich ſcent
Unto the taſter:
So do theſe words a ſweet content,
An oriental fragrancy, *My Maſter.*

With theſe all day I do perfume my mind,
My mind ev'n thruſt into them both;
That I might find
What Cordials make this curious broth,
This broth of ſmells, that feeds and fats my mind.

My Maſter, ſhall I ſpeak? O that to thee
My Servant were a little ſo,
As fleſh may be;
That theſe two words might creep and grow
To ſome degree of ſpicineſs to thee!

Then ſhould the Fomander, which was before
A ſpeaking ſweet, mend by reflexion,
And tell me more:
For pardon of my imperfection
Would warm and work it ſweeter then before.
For when *My Maſter*, which alone is ſweet,
And ev'n in my unworthineſs pleaſing,
Shall call and meet,
My Servant, as thee not diſpleaſing;
That call is but the breathing of the ſweet.
This breathing would with gains by ſweetning me
(As ſweet things traffick when they meet)
Return to thee:
And ſo this new commerce and ſweet
Should all my life employ and buſie me.

¶ The Foil.

IF we could ſee below
The ſphere of virtue, and each ſhining grace
As plainly as that above doth ſhow;
This were the better skie, the brighter place.
God hath made Stars the foil
To ſet off virtues, griefs to ſet off ſinning:
Yet in this wretched world we toil,
As if grief were not foul, nor virtue winning.

¶ The Forerunners.

THe Harbingers are come. See, ſee their mark;
White is their colour, and behold my head.
But muſt they have my brain? muſt they diſpark
Thoſe ſparkling notions, which therein were bred?
Muſt dulneſs turn me to a clod?
Yet have they left me, *Thou art ſtill my God*

Good men ye be, to leave me my best room,
Ev'n all my heart, and what is lodged there:
I pass not, I, what of the rest become,
So, *Thou art still my God*, be out of fear,
He will be pleased with that ditty;
And if I please him, I write fine and witty,

Farewel sweet phrases, lovely metaphors,
But will you leave me thus? when ye before
Offlews and brothels onely knew the doors,
Then did I wash you with my tears, and more,
Brought you to Church well dress and clad:
My God must have my best, ev'n all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, sugar-cane,
Honey of roses, whither wilt thou flie?
Hath some fond lover tic'd thee to thy bane?
And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a stie?
Fie, thou wilt soil thy broider'd coat,
And hurt thy self, and him that sings the note.

Let foolish lovers, if they will love dung,
With Canvas, not with Arras, cloath their shame:
Let folly speak in her own native tongue.
True beauty dwells on high: ours is a flame
But borrow'd thence to light us thither.
Beauty and beauteous words should go together.

Yet if you go, I pass not; take your way:
For, *Thou art still my God*, is all that ye
Perhaps with more embellishment can say.
Go birds of spring: let winter have his fee;
Let a bleak paleness chalk the doore,
So all within be livelier then before.

¶ The Roſe.

PReſs me not to take more pleaſure
In this world of fugred lies,
And to uſe a larger meaſure
Then my ſtrict yet welcome ſize.

Firſt, there is no pleaſure here:
Colour'd griefs indeed there are,
Bluſhing woes, that look as clear
As if they could beauty ſpare.

Or if ſuch deceits there be,
Such delights I meant to ſay;
There are no ſuch things to me,
Who have paſs'd my right away.

But I will not much oppoſe
Unto what you now adviſe:
Onely take this gentle roſe,
And therein my anſwer lies.

What is fairer then a roſe?
What is ſweeter? yet it purgeth.
Purgings enmity diſcloſe,
Enmity forbearance urgeth.

If then all that worldlings prize
Be contracted to a roſe;
Sweetly there indeed it lies,
But it biteth in the cloſe.

So this flow'r doth judge and ſentence
Worldly joyes to be a ſcourge:
For they all produce repentance,
And repentance is a purge.

But

But I health, not phyſick chuſe:
Only though I you oppoſe,
Say that fairly I refuſe,
For my anſwer is a roſe.

¶ Diſcipline.

THrow away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath.
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my heart's deſire
Unto thine is bent
I aſpire
To a full conſent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
But by book,
And thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep:
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove;
Love will do the deed
For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is ſwift of foot;
Love's a man of war,
And can ſhoot,
And can hit from far.

Who can ſcape his bow?
That which wrought on thee,
Brought thee low,
Needs muſt work on me.
Throw away thy rod;
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God:
Throw away thy wrath.

¶ The Invitation.

COme ye hither, all whoſe taſte
Is your waſte;
Save your coſt and mend your fare,
God is here prepar'd and dreſt,
And the feaſt;
God in whom all dainties are.
Come ye hither all, whom wine
Doth define,
Naming you not to your good:
Weep what ye have drunk amiſs,
And drink this,
Which before ye drink is blood.
Come ye hither all, whom pain
Doth arraign,
Bringing all your ſins to ſight:
Taſte and fear not: God is here
In this cheer,
And on ſin doth caſt the fright.
Come ye hither all, whom joy
Doth deſtroy,
While ye graze without your bounds:
Here is joy that drowneth quite
Your delight,
As a flood the lower grounds.

Come ye hither all whose love
Is your dove,
And exalts you to the skie:
Here is love, which having breath,
Ev'n in death,
After death can never die.
Lord, I have invited all,
And I shall
Still invite, still call to thee:
For it seems but just and right
In my sight,
Where is all, there all should be.

¶ The Banquet.

WElcome sweet and sacred cheer,
Welcome dear;
With me, in me, live and dwell:
For thy neatness passeth sight,
Thy delight
Passeth tongue to taste or tell.
O what sweetness from the bowl
Fills my soul,
Such as is, and makes divine!
Is some star fled (from the sphere)
Melted there,
As we sugar melt in wine?
Or hath sweetness in the bread
Made a head
To subdue the smell of sin;
Flow'rs, & gummes, & powders giving
All their living,
Lest the enemy should win?

Doubtleſs neither ſtar nor flower
Hath the power
Such a ſweetneſs to impart:
Only God who gives perfumes,
Fleſh aſſumes,
And with it perfumes my heart.

But as Pomanders and wood
Still are good,
Yet being bruis'd are better ſcented;
God, to ſhew how far his love
Could improve,
Here, as broken, is preſented.

When I had forgot my birth,
And on earth
In delights of earth was drown'd;
God took blood, and needs would be
Spilt with me,
And ſo found me on the ground.

Having rais'd me to look up,
In a cup
Sweetly he doth meet my taſte.
But I ſtill being low and ſhort,
Far from court,
Wine becomes a wing at laſt.

For with it alone I flie
To the skie
Where I wipe mine eyes, and ſee
What I ſeek, for what I ſue
Him I view,
Who hath done ſo much for me.

Let the wonder of this pity
Be my ditty,
And take up my lines and life:
Hearken under pain of death,
Hands and breath,
Strive in this, and love the ſtrife.

¶ The Poſie.

LEt wits conteſt,
And with their words and poſies windows fill:
Leſs then the leaſt
Of all thy mercies, is my poſie ſtill.

This on my ring,
This by my picture, in my book I write.
Whether I ſing,
Or ſay, or dictate, this is my delight.
Invention reſt,
Comparisons go play, wit uſe thy will:
Leſs then the leaſt
Of all Gods mercies, is my poſie ſtill.

¶ A Parodie.

SOuls joy, when thou art gone,
And I alone,
Which cannot be,
Becauſe thou doſt abide with me,
And I depend on thee;
Yet when thou doſt ſuppreſs
The chearfulneſs
Of thy abode,
And in my powers not ſtir abroad,
But leave me to my load:

O what a damp and ſhade
Doth me invade!
No ſtormy night
Can ſo afflict or ſo affright,
As thy eclipſed light.

Ah Lord! do not withdraw,
Leſt want of aw
Make ſin appear;
And when thou doſt but ſhine leſs clear,
Say, that thou art not here.

And then what life I have,
While ſin doth rave,
And falſely boaſt,
That I may ſeek, but thou art loſt;
Thou and alone thou know'ſt.

O what a deadly cold
Doth me infold!
I halfe believe
That Sin ſayes true: but while I grieve,
Thou com'ſt and doſt relieve.

¶ The Elixir.

TEach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to ſee;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee:

Not rudely, as a beaſt,
To run into an action;
But ſtill to make thee prepoſſeſt,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glaſs,
On it may ſtay his eye;
Or, if he pleaſeth, through it paſs,
And then the heav'n eſpie.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be ſo mean,
Which with this tincture (*for thy ſake*)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A ſervant with this clauſe
Makes drudgery divine.
Who ſweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous ſtone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch & own
Cannot for leſs be told.

¶ A Wreath.

A Wreathed garland of deſerved praiſe,
Of praiſe deſerved unto thee I give,
I give to thee, who knoweſt all my ways,
My crooked winding ways wherein I live,
Wherein I die, not live: for life is ſtraight,
Straight as a line, and ever tends to thee,
To thee, who art more far above deceit,
Then deceit ſeems above ſimplicitie.
Give me ſimplicity, that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know thy ways,
Know them and practice them: then ſhall I give
For this poor wreath, give thee a crown of praiſe.

Death.

¶ Death.

DEath, thou wast once an uncouth hidious thing,
Nothing but bones,
The sad effect of sadder grones:
Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.

For we consider'd thee as at some six
Or ten years hence,
After the loss of life and sense,
Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.

We lookt on this side of thee, shooting short;
Where we did find
The shells of fledge souls left behind,
Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.

But since our Saviours death did put some blood
Into thy face,
Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
Much in request much sought for as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
As at dooms-day;
When souls shall wear their new aray,
And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
Half that we have
Unto an honest faithful grave;
Making our pillows either down or dust.

Dooms-

¶ Dooms-day.

Come away,
Make no delay.
Summon all the dust to rise,
Till it stir, and rub the eyes;
While this member jogs the other,
Each one whispring, *Live you, brother?*

Come away,
Make this the day.
Dust, alas, no musick feels,
But thy trumpet: then it kneels,
As peculiar notes and strains
Cure Tarantulaes raging pains.

Come away,
O make no stay!
Let the graves make their confession,
Lest at length they plead possession:
Fleshes stubbornness may have
Read that lesson to the grave.

Come away,
Thy flock doth stray.
Some to winds their body lend,
And in them may drown a friend;
Some in noisome vapours grow
To a plague and publick wo.

Come away,
Help our decay.
Man is out of order hurl'd,
Parcell'd out to all the world.
Lord, thy broken consort raise,
And the musick shall be praise.

Judg-

¶ Judgement.

ALmighty Judge, how shall poor wretches brook
Thy dreadful look,
Able an heart of Iron to appall,
When thou shalt call
For ev'ry mans peculiar book?
What others mean to do, I know not well:
Yet I here tell,
That some will turn thee to some leaves therein
So void of sin,
That they in merit shall excell.
But I resolve when thou shalt call for mine,
That to decline,
And thrust a Testament into thy hand;
Let that be scann'd:
There thou shalt find my faults are thine.

¶ Heaven.

O Who will shew me those delights on high?
Echo. *I.*
Thou Echo, thou art mortal, all men know,
Echo. *No.*
Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?
Echo. *Leaves.*
And are there any leaves that still abide?
Echo. *Bide.*
What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly.
Echo. *Holy.*
Are holy leaves the Echo then of bliss?
Echo. *Yes.*
Then tell me, what is that supreme delight?
Echo. *Light.*

Light

Light to the mind: what shall the will enjoy?
Echo. *Joy.*
But are there cares and business with the pleasure?
Echo. *Leisure.*
Light, joy, and leisure; but shall they persevere?
Echo. *Ever.*

¶ Love.

LOve bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lack'd any thing.
A guest, I answr'd, worthy to be here;
Love said, You shall be he.
I the unkind, ungrateful; Ah my dear,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?
Truth Lord; but I have marr'd them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame?
My dear, then I will serve.
You must sit down, sayes Love, and taste my meat:
So I did sit and eat.

FINIS.

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

ALmighty Lord, who from thy glorious throne
Seest and rulest all things ev'n as one:
The smallest Ant or Atome knows thy power,
Known also to each minute of an hour
Much more do Common-wealths acknowledg thee,
And wrap their policies in thy decree,
Complying with thy counsels, doing nought
Which doth not meet with an eternal thought.
But above all, thy Church and Spouse doth prove
Not the degrees of power but bands of love.
Early didst thou arise to plant this vine,
Which might the more indear it to be thine.
Spices come from the east; so did thy Spouse,
Trim as the light, sweet as the laden boughs
Of *Noahs* shady vine, chast as the dove;
Prepar'd and fitted to receive thy love.
The course was westward, that the Sun might light
As well our understanding as our sight.
Where th'Ark did rest, thence *Abraham* began
To bring the other Ark to *Canaan*.
Moses pursu'd this: but King *Solomon*
Finisht and fixt the old religion.
When it grew loose, the Jews did hope in vain
By nailing Christ to fasten it again,
But to the Gentiles he bore cross and all,
Rending with earthquakes the partition-wall.
Onely whereas the Ark in glory shone,
Now with the crosse, as with a staff, alone,
Religion, like a Pilgrim, westward bent
Knocking at all doors ever as she went.
Yet as the Sun though forward be his flight,
Listens behind him, and allows some light,

Till

Till all depart: so went the Church her way,
Letting, while one foot stept, the other stay
Among the eastern nations for a time,
Till both removed to the western clime.
To *Egypt* first she came, where they did prove
Wonders of anger once, but now of love.
The ten Commandments there did flourish more
Then the ten bitter plagues had done before.
Holy *Macarius* and great *Antony*
Made *Pharaoh Moses*, changing th' History.
Goshen was darkness, *Egypt* full of lights,
Nilus for Monsters brought forth Israelites.
Such power hath mighty Baptism to produce
For things mishapen, things of highest use
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Religion thence fled into *Greece*, where Arts
Gave her the highest place in all mens hearts.
Learning was pos'd, Hhilosophy was set,
Sophisters taken in a Fishers net,
Plato and *Aristotle* were at a loss,
And wheel'd about again to spell *Christs-Cross*.
Prayers chas'd Syllogisms into their den,
And *Ergo* was transform'd into *Amen*.
Though *Greece* took horse as soon as *Egypt* did,
And *Rome* as both; yet *Egypt* faster rid,
And spent her period and prefixed time
Before the other *Greece* being past her prime,
Religion went to *Rome*, subduing those,
Who that they might subdue, made all their foes.
The Warriour his dear skars no more resounds,
But seems to yield Christ hath the greater wounds;
Wounds willingly endur'd to work his bliss,
Who by an ambush lost his Paradise.
The great heart stoups, and taketh from the dust
A sad repentance, not the spoils of lust; Quit-

Quitting his ſpear, leſt it ſhould pierce again
Him in his members, who for him was ſlain.
The Shepherds hook grew to a Scepter here,
Giving new names and numbers to the year,
But th' Empire dwelt in *Greece*, to comfort them
Who were cut ſhort in *Alexanders* ſtem.
In both of theſe Proweſs and Arts did tame
And tune mens hearts againſt the Goſpel came:
Which uſing, and not fearing skill in th' one,
Or ſtrength in th' other, did erect her throne.
Many a rent and ſtrugling th' Empire knew,
(As dying things are wont) untill it flew
At length to *Germany*, ſtill weſtward bending,
And there the Churches feſtival attending:
That as before Empire and Arts made way,
(For no leſs Harbingers would ſerve then they)
So they might ſtill, and point us out the place (face.
Where firſt the Church ſhould raiſe her down-caſt
Strength levels grounds, Art makes a garden there;
Then ſhowers Religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the Empire ſhar'd with *Germany*,
But *England* in the higher victory;
Giving the Church a Crown to keep her ſtate,
And not go leſs then ſhe had done of late.
Conſtantines Britiſh line meant this of old,
And did this myſtery wrap up and fold
Within a ſheet of paper, which was rent
From times great Chronicle, and hither ſent.
Thus both the Church and Sun together ran.
Unto the fartheſt old meridian.
How dear to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Much about one and the ſame time and place,
Both where and when the Church began her race,
Sin did ſet out of Eaſtern *Babylon*,
And travell'd weſtward alſo: journeying on

He chid the Church away, where e're he came,
Breaking her peace, and tainting her good name,
At first he got to *Egypt*, and did sow
Gardens of gods, which every year did grow;
Fresh and fine deities. They were at great cost,
Who for a god clearly a sallet lost.
Ah! what thing is man devoid of grace,
Adoring Garlick with an humble face,
Begging his food of that which he may eat,
Starving the while he worshipped his meat!
Who makes a root his god, how low is he,
If God and man be sever'd infinitely!
What wretchedness can give him any room,
Whose house is foul, while he adores his broom?
None will believe this now, though mony be
In us the same transplanted foolerie.
Thus Sin in *Egypt* sneaked for a while;
His highest was an Ox or Crocodile,
And such poor game. Thence he to *Greece* doth pass;
And being craftier much then Goodness was,
He left behinde him Garrisons of sins,
To make good that which ev'ry day he wins.
Here sin took heart, and for a garden-bed
Rich shrines and oracles he purchased:
He grew a gallant, and would needs foretell
As well what should befall, as what befell.
Nay he became a Poet, and would serve
His pills of sublimate in that conserve.
The world came both with hands and purses full
To this great lottery, and all would pull.
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit;
Where some poor truths were shuffled for a bait
To credit him, and to discredit those
Who after him should braver truths disclose.
From *Greece* he went to *Rome*: and as before
He was a God, now he's an Emperour, *Nero*

Nero and others lodg'd him bravely there,
Put him in truſt to rule the Roman ſphere.
Glory was his chief inſtrument of old:
Pleaſure ſucceeded ſtraight, when that grew cold.
Which ſoon was blown to ſuch a mighty flame,
That though our Saviour did deſtroy the game,
Diſparking oracles and all their treaſure,
Setting affliction to encounter pleaſure:
Yet did a rogue with hope of carnal joy
Cheat the moſt ſubtill nations. Who ſo coy,
So trim, as *Greece* and *Egypt*? yet their hearts
Are given over for their curious Arts,
To ſuch Mahometane ſtupidities,
As the old heathen would deem prodigies.
How dear to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Onely the Weſt and *Rome* do keep them free
From this contagious infidelitie.
And this is all the Rock, whereof they boaſt,
As *Rome* will one day find unto her coſt.
Sin, being not able to extirpate quite
The Churches here, bravely reſolv'd one night
To be a Church-man too, and wear a Miter:
The old debauched Ruffian would turn writer.
I ſaw him in his ſtudy, where he ſate
Buſie in controverſies ſprung of late.
A Gown and Pen became him wondrous well:
His grave Aſpect had more of Heav'n, then Hell:
Onely there was an handſome picture by,
To which he lent a corner of his eye.
As ſin in *Greece* a Prophet was before,
And in old *Rome* a mighty Emperour
So now being Prieſt he plainly did profeſs
To make a jeſt of Chriſts three offices:
The rather ſince his ſcatter'd jugglings were
United now in one both time and ſphere.

From

From *Egypt* he took petty deities,
From *Greece* oracular infallibilities,
And from old *Rome* the liberty of pleasure,
By free dispensings of the Churches treasure:
Then, in memorial of his ancient throne,
He did surname his palace *Babylon*.
Yet, that he might the better gain all nations,
And make that name good by their transmigrations;
From all these places, but at divers times,
He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes:
From *Egypt* Anchorism and retiredness,
Learning from *Greece*, from old *Rome* statelines:
And blending these, he carried all mens eyes,
While truth sat by, counting his victories:
Whereby he grew apace, and scorn'd to use
Such force as once did captivate the Jews;
But did bewitch, and finely work each nation
Into a voluntary transmigration.
All poste to *Rome*: Princes submit their necks
Either t' his publick foot or private tricks.
It did not fit his gravity to stir,
Nor his long journey, nor his gout and fur.
Therefore he sent out able Ministers,
Statesmen within, without doors Cloisterers:
Who without spear, or sword, or other drumme
Then what was in their tongue, did overcome;
And having conquer'd, did so strangely rule,
That the whole world did seem but the Popes *Mule*.
As new and old *Rome* did one Empire twist;
So both together are one Antichrist,
Yet with two faces, as their *Janus* was:
Being in this their old crackt looking-glass.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Thus Sin triumphs in Western *Babylon*;
Yet not as Sin, but as Religion.

Of

Of his two thrones he made the latter beſt,
And to defray his journey from the eaſt.
Old and new *Babylon* are to Hell and night,
As is the Moon and Sun to Heav'n and light.
When th' one did ſet, the other did take place,
Confronting equally the Law and grace.
They are Hells land-marks, Satans double creſt:
They are Sins nipples, feeding th' eaſt and weſt.
But as in vice the Copy ſtill exceeds
The pattern, but not ſo in virtuous deeds;
So, though Sin made his latter ſeat the better,
The latter Church is to the firſt a debter.
The ſecond Temple could not reach the firſt:
And the late reformation never durſt
Compare with ancient times and purer years;
But in the Jews and us deſerveth tears.
Nay it ſhall ev'ry year decreaſe and fade;
Till ſuch a darkneſs do the world invade
At Chriſts laſt coming as his firſt did find:
Yet muſt there ſuch proportions be aſſign'd
To theſe diminiſhings, as is between
The ſpacious world and *Jewry* to be ſeen.
Religion ſtands on tip-toe in our land,
Ready to paſs to the *American* ſtrand.
When height of malice and prodigious luſts,
Impudent ſinning, witchcrafts, and diſtruſts
(The marks of future bane) ſhall fill our cup
Unto the brim, and make our meaſure up:
When *Sein* ſhall ſwallow *Tiber*, and the *Thames*,
By letting in them both, pollutes her ſtreames:
When *Italy* of us ſhall have her will,
And all her Calendæ of ſins fulfill;
Whereby one may foretell, what ſins next year
Shall both in *France* and *England* domineer:
Then ſhall Religion to *America* flee

They have their times of Gospel, even as we.
My God, thou dost prepare for them a way,
By carrying first their gold from them away:
For gold and grace did never yet agree:
Religion always sides with povertie.
We think we rob them, but we think amiss:
We are more poor, and they more rich by this.
Thou wilt revenge their quarrel, making grace
To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place
To go to them, while that which now their nation
But lends to us, shall be our desolation.
Yet as the Church shall thither westward flie,
So Sin shall trace and dog her instantly:
They have their period also and set times
Both for their virtuous actions and their crimes.
And where of old the Empire and the Arts
Usher'd the Gospel ever in mens hearts,
Spain hath done one; when Arts perform the other,
The Church shall come, & sin the Church shall smo-
That when they have accomplished the round. (ther:
And met in th' east their first and ancient sound,
Judgment may meet them both & search them round.
Thus do both lights, as well in Church as Sun,
Light one another, and together run.
Thus also Sin and Darkness follow still
The Church and Sun with all their power and skill.
But as the Sun still goes both west and east;
So also did the Church by going west
Still eastward go; because it drew more near
To time and place, where judgment shall appear.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?

L' Envoy.

L'Envoy.

King of Glory, King of Peace,
With the one make war to ceaſe,
With the other bleſs thy ſheep,
Thee to love, in thee to ſleep.
Let not Sin devour thy fold,
Bragging that thy blood is cold,
That thy death is alſo dead,
While his conqueſts daily ſpread;
That thy fleſh hath loſt his food,
And thy Croſs is common wood.
Choke him let him ſay no more,
But reſerve his breath in ſtore,
Till thy conqueſts and his fall
Make his ſighs to uſe it all,
And then bargain with the wind
To diſcharge what is behind.

Bleſſed be God alone,
Thrice bleſſed Three in One.

FINIS

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